

The Daily Mirror.

No. 5.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1903.

One Penny.

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REDFERN FUR MODELS in
Coats, Capes, Stoles, etc.,
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World Produces

EACH MODEL an Original Study

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ELEGANT and EXCLUSIVE MODELS.

STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES.

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THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY, LTD.

Makers to
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Principal Courts of Europe.

By Royal Warrant
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H.R.H.
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The LARGEST STOCKS of ENGLISH-MADE
GOODS in EUROPE.

ELEGANT & EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS - EDITION DE LUXE
and NOVELTIES for . . . PRICE LIST
WINTER SEASON, 1903-4. . . POST FREE.

TERMS: CASH.

EVENING SHOES FOR THE COMING SEASON
IN ALL THE NEWEST STYLES.

GOODS SENT ON APPROBATION.

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CHIEF WAREHOUSE:

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Telegrams: Smarten, London.

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That is the question
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THE "PIRLE" FINISH

Is equally advantageous
in the two cases.

"PIRLE" finished Costumes

Do not spot, cockle, or shrink
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From the leading Drapers, or full particulars from
E. RIPLEY & SON, Ltd., 100C, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

By Special Appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

And as purchased by
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.L.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.
H.L.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, ETC., ETC.

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EVERYONE IS BUYING THEM BECAUSE:

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The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET."

(REGD.)

The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" is manufactured under scientific supervision, the cut and make being perfect. Each bone is placed in the position requiring support, without impeding or checking the proper exercise of the muscles, allowing perfect freedom of action to the whole frame; all these advantages are obtained, with an additional elegance of form, as the illustrations will show.

The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" is made of the best materials, and fitted throughout with Real Whalebone (busts and side-steels excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" will be found 25 per cent. better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

TYPE 1A.—THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," LONG WAIST, Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, 19/6. TYPE 1B.—EXTRA LONG WAIST, 21/- complete.

TYPE 1C.—THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," LONG WAIST, cut longer below the waist, and extra fully boned to give greater support to stout figures, in Black or White, 25/- complete.

TYPE 2A.—THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," LONG WAIST, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 18/6. TYPE 2B.—EXTRA LONG WAIST, 21/- complete. TYPE 3C.—MEDIUM WAIST, 16/6 complete.

TYPE 11.—THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," STRAIGHT FRONT, MEDIUM WAIST, cut low in bust and back, suitable for day or evening wear, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 16/6; in Black, unlined, 18/6 complete. Suspensives extra. Prices, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/-.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are a few of the numerous spontaneous and unsolicited Testimonials which are received daily bearing on the excellence of the "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" (Regd.).

Ighfield House, White Knowle Road, Buxton.

August 28, 1903.

Mrs. C. Davies writes:—"More than eighteen years ago I had a pair of 'Spécialité Corsets,' since then I have occasionally tried many other kinds which have been recommended to me, but I have always gone back to the 'Spécialité Corsets,' as by long experience I am convinced that the 'Spécialité Corsets' are the best."

2, Rothsay Terrace, Edinburgh.

October 9th, 1903.

Mrs. Bruce writes:—"I bought a pair of 'Spécialité Corsets' when in London last May, and find them to be the best and most comfortable corsets I have ever had."

5, Donnington Square, Newbury.

October 28th, 1903.

Mrs. Pitman writes:—"I have worn your 'Spécialité Corsets,' and have always found them far nicer than any other make of Corset."

CAUTION.—The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" is made only for us, and cannot be had Wholesale or Retail except through us, or our appointed Foreign Agents. See that every pair is stamped inside, "DICKINS & JONES," without which none are genuine.

NEW "FASHIONS" BOOK.

charmingly illustrated, containing upwards of 200 Illustrations by 20 of the leading Fashion Artists, is now ready, and can be had Post Free on request.



Type 14 Z.

This new type of THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" STRAIGHT FRONT

(as illustration) has been designed to give great freedom to the respiratory organs. It is cut specially low and wide in the bust. It also has a new empicement on the hips, which gives a particularly graceful curve to the waist. In White Coutil, with 2 pairs of Suspensives. Price 20/6. In Pink, Sky, or Cream Silk Batiste, 31/6.



Type 10 Z.

THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" STRAIGHT FRONT

(as illustration), long waist, in White Coutil and Real Whalebone, 19/6; and also in Black, unlined, 21/- complete. Special Suspensives for wearing with this type of Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/-.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., HANOVER HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



Great Reduction in the Price of a Remarkable Floor Covering.

TRELOAR'S Inlaid Linoleum.

WILL NOW BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN ENGLAND AT THE FOLLOWING GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Roll 6ft. wide, containing 12½ square yards £1 10 0
Roll 6ft. wide, containing 15 square yards £2 18 0
1 Roll 6ft. wide, containing 50 square yards £5 15 0

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS and COLOURINGS
Samples on Application.

The Pattern on this Linoleum is NOT Printed; it is Inlaid. It Never Wears off; it Never looks Shabby.

TRELOAR, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Catalogue of Floor Coverings Free.

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Unequalled, unsurpassed. Preserves, beautifies, restores it. Prevents Scurf, Dandruff, Baldness. Golden colour for fair hair. Sizes: 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. 110 years proves its value.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN.

Soothing, healing, curative. Removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and produces Soft, Fair Skin, and a Beautifully Belicue Complexion. It is warranted harmless and free from any lead, mineral, or poisonous ingredients. It is infallible for protecting the skin from cold winds and damp atmosphere, prevents the skin chapping, and imparts a matchless beauty to the complexion, and a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms unobtainable by any other means. 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

SOLD BY STORES, CHEMISTS, AND ROWLAND'S, 87, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

PERFECTION NOW ATTAINED IN AMERICAN FOOTWEAR.
AMERICAN BOOTS with SOLES of ENGLISH BARK
TANNED LEATHER can only be obtained of

The AMERICAN SHOE CO., 169, Regent Street, London, W., AND BRANCHES.

They are the Largest Importers in the World, and their Goods are Manufactured by the best Makers. Their Patent Leather Boots are made from the finest quality

"CORONA COLT."

This Leather is soft as Kid. It is as bright as Patent Calf, and will wear double the time of any other Patent Leather on the Market.

NEWEST SHAPES.
FINEST WORKMANSHIP.
GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

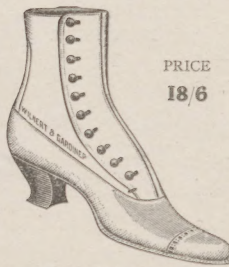


GLACE KID OXFORD SHOE. Heavy Sole, Full Medium Toe, Square Heel.

PRICE

16/6

"CORONA COLT" is by far the Best Patent Leather on the market. It is soft as Kid, and wears twice as long as any other make of patent leather.



Fine Quality GLACE KID Button or Lace BOOTS, Heavy Sole.

PRICE

18/6



OUR LATEST "CORONA COLT" Boots, Button and Lace. Best quality.

PRICE

28/-

BRANCHES:

LONDON—373, Strand, W.C.
" 119, Chesapeake, E.C.
BATH—32, Milcom Street.
BELFAST—19-21, Wellington Pl.
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CORK—45, Patrick Street.
DUBLIN—28, High Street.
DUBLIN—70, Grafton Street.
EDINBURGH—112, Princes St.
GLASGOW—55, Buchanan St.
LEAMINGTON—152, The Parade.
LEEDS—55, Boar Lane.
LIVERPOOL—31, Church St.
MANCHESTER—Deansgate Ar.
PLYMOUTH—40, George St.
RICHMOND (Sur.)—23, George St.

All Letter Orders to be sent to Head Depot: 169, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The Daily Mirror.

Friday, Nov. 6, 1903.

310th Day of Year.

55 days to Dec. 31.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is : Fair and cold ; much fog inland ; sunny on the South Coast.
Lighting up time for all vehicles, 5.24.
SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all smooth.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

A Monstrous Proposal.

We confess to having read with some surprise and not a little concern the letter written by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*. It is not so much that he advocates the wearing of morning dress in the stalls of a theatre, though that, coming from an actor who has brought the business of wearing the right clothes at the right time to so high a degree of perfection, is melancholy enough. What concerns us, what overwhelms us with apprehension, and tempts us to question the stability of the universe itself, is that a gentleman, eminent both as a manager and an actor, should treat the playhouse with so much disrespect as to suggest that its arrangements should be modified for the benefit of "the weary traveller, rushing through town."

What next? was our question yesterday, discussing the wonder and compass of certain revolutions. The answer has not been long in coming. We have been highly scandalised by Mr. PINERO's suggestion that we should abandon our dinner in order to attend the play, but that was a small matter compared with the shock of this second proposal. Is it for this, we would ask, that the stalls of the St. James's Theatre have so regularly been thronged with beautiful and devoted women? Is it for this that they have languished night after night in the boxes and dress circle, with an answering sigh for every flash from Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's melting eyes? Is it for this that young gentlemen engaged in the study of fashion have nightly attended if haply they might find some new secret in the rolling of a collar or the adjustment of a scarf-pin? Is it for this that young ladies on a visit from the country, and desiring to see Mr. ALEXANDER and die, have counted the days before a performance as grievous and intolerable burdens? Alas! that we should ever have had to record it; but the fact is that Mr. ALEXANDER has, with gross and brutal cruelty, abandoned these lovely and feminine interests in favour of some horrid creature (a commercial traveller, if the worst were known), who is "rushing through town"; or to a still more reprehensible person who frequents an office, and is convicted of bringing his suit of ceremony in a bag to the city!

Cruelty could go no farther. That gentle and adoring spirit in which the polite world has hitherto arrayed itself and repaired to the shrine of Mr. ALEXANDER is, by the idol himself, imminently menaced. But the fact that his letter is dated from the town of Edinburgh affords a sad indication as to the causes of his disaffection. Far from rosy and intimate appreciation, in the bleak air of the provinces, Mr. ALEXANDER has evidently suffered the fine and exquisite bloom of refinement to become damaged. Not otherwise could so eminent an actor become oblivious to the proper spirit of the theatre; not otherwise could he forget that they who attend his theatre attend in a spirit almost religious, which merits all the ceremonial observances of dress, preparation, and reverence; not otherwise could he have been so inconsiderate as to distress us by his reference to a tramway car.

But granted (with a shudder, and for the sake of argument) that Mr. ALEXANDER's proposal were carried out, would the result be improved in appearance by an irruption of tweed suits and the garb of the streets, and high dresses and a parterre of women's hats? Surely not. The hat difficulty, which by his monstrous proposal, is only caused (we are informed) for those who have not leisure or inclination to array themselves in the mode of the evening there are the many though they are unvisited by the lustre of Mr. ALEXANDER's god-like presence one may (we are informed) witness a very tolerable entertainment.

Court

Buckingham Palace, Nov. 5.

His Majesty the King, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge, visited the Imperial Institute this morning and inspected a picture of the opening by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament, which has been painted by Mr. Roberts.

His Majesty to-day conferred the Distinguished Service Order, together with the Queen's and King's South African medal, upon Major W. F. Bonham, Essex Regiment, in recognition of his services in South Africa, and who has since been employed in Somaliland, and again rewarded by a grant of a Brevet Majority.

His Majesty received Viscount Esher and Major-General Sir Henry Ewart in audience to-day.

Sandringham, Nov. 5.

His Majesty, attended by Lord Knollys, Colonel A. Davidson, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge, and Lieutenant-

Circular.

Colonel C. Frederick, arrived at Sandringham this evening from Buckingham Palace.

Lady Emily Kingscote has arrived as Lady-in-Waiting to her Majesty the Queen.

Lord Redesdale and Sir Nigel Kingscote have arrived at Sandringham.

Marlborough House, Nov. 5.

This morning the Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War, at the Foreign Office.

The Prince of Wales will leave Marlborough House at four o'clock this afternoon for York Cottage, Sandringham. His Royal Highness, attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, will travel from Liverpool-street to Wolferton.

The Princess of Wales, attended by Lady Mary Lygon, leaves London to-morrow (Saturday) for Sandringham. Her Royal Highness will travel from St. Pancras by the 12.5 train to Wolferton.

The King will hold a Council on Monday, 16th inst.

To-Day's News At a Glance.

Owing to the dense fog over East Anglia, level crossings were watched, detonators were used at intervals, and police guarded every bridge on the line taken by the King's train to Sandringham yesterday afternoon.

The German Emperor is going to erect a statue at Kiel to the memory of the late Herr Krupp, who was a personal friend of His Majesty.

Lord William Bentinck, brother of the Duke of Portland, died suddenly at Ismailia, on his way to India to rejoin his regiment, the 10th Hussars.

It is confidently stated that the murderer of Gregorian and Izmirian also killed Sagouni. He was a noted pistol shot. The inquest opens on Monday.

Sir Frank Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences," dealing largely with the stage, will be published next Tuesday.

Twenty-one deaths from cholera have occurred at Wigan, in the Island of Luzon, in the Philippines.

Mr. Booth-Tucker sailed suddenly for England to-day on the Cedric in obedience to a summons from "General" Booth.

The Amethyst, the first turbine cruiser and the largest turbine vessel afloat, was launched yesterday at Elswick.

The largest rat, 28in. long, and the largest centipede, 11in. long, were exhibited at the meeting of the Zoological Society.

In eighty-nine years last month's rainfall at Oxford has only been exceeded once—in 1876.

Mrs. Harry M'Calmont was last night reported somewhat weaker.

Dr. Klein, F.R.S., told the London Water Board Arbitrators that in a cubic centimetre of unfiltered Lea and Stort water he found over 50,000 bacteria, and in the same quantity of water from a Whitechapel stand-pipe 204 microbes.

Seven United States vessels have been ordered to the Isthmus of Panama; the Colombian general has been captured; and his second in command has offered to withdraw if the general is released.

It was conclusively established yesterday that Miss Hickman died from morphine poisoning.

The death is announced of Sir John Robinson, who was the first Premier of Natal on the granting of responsible government in 1893.

The portrait of King Peter of Serbia is to be exhibited in London.

The British Government has already spent £3,000 in the attempt to bring Lynchbaum back, and as much more will be spent if necessary to secure his return.

The first keel plate of the first-class cruiser Warrior, which is to be 490 ft. long, was laid at Pembroke yesterday.

Countess Lonlay arrived in Vienna last evening, the "Neue Freie Presse" says, in a very serious condition.

The yearly average profit of a bookmaker at Reigate during the last seven years was £1,761, and this year his winnings were £1,965. He was fined £100 yesterday.

The death is announced of Mr. William Paterson, late Judge of County Courts, at his residence, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, at the age of eighty-eight.

The Paris Court of Cassation yesterday rejected the appeal of Therese and Frederic Humbert against the sentence passed on them by the Assize Court.

Owing to the dense fog at Northampton, yesterday, there was no racing.

A loving cup and a pair of floor glasses to the Lord Mayor, and an aneroïd to the Lady Mayoress, were the gifts of the Spectacle Makers' Company yesterday on the occasion of his lordship's birthday.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The Court.

The King and Queen at Sandringham.
The Prince of Wales leaves Marlborough House at four this afternoon for York Cottage, Sandringham, attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel. His Royal Highness will travel from Liverpool Street to Wolferton.
Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, arrives at Kensington Palace from Knowlsey.

Social Functions.

Lord Roberts receives the Freedom of Windsor, and unveils a statue of Prince Christian Victor.
The Hon. Lady Tracey opens a sale and exhibition at Portman Rooms, Baker-street, on behalf of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, 2.
The Grenadier Guards' Past and Present Association annual dinner at the King's Hall Rooms, Holborn Restaurant.

General.

County Brewers' Society's Annual Banquet, Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole.
The Princess League: Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ladies' Grand Council, at the offices, 64, Victoria-street.
The Lord Mayor presides at a meeting of the London Diocesan Police-court Mission, at the Mansion House, 3.

Racing.

Lingfield.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Avenue, "Dolly Varden," 8.30.
Comedy, "The Climbers," 8.30.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.
Duke of York's, "Lettie," 8.
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.
Haymarket, "The Cousin Kate," 9.
His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.
Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.
New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 8.15.
Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.
Royalty, "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates," 8.15.
Shakespeare, "In Dahomey," 8.15.
St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 8.30.
Wynham's, "Little Mary," 9.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

MISS HICKMAN POISONED.

MORPHINE THE AGENT.

WAS THE LADY DOCTOR UNHAPPY?

It is now beyond question that Miss Hickman died from morphine poisoning.

This theory, suggested by the discovery of a morphine syringe in the thicket in Richmond Park where the body was found, was confirmed by the evidence of Dr. Stevenson, the Home Office expert, at the resumed inquest yesterday. Distinct traces of morphine have been detected by chemical analysis of the parts of the body, and though it is true the amount found was only one-sixteenth of a grain, yet it has to be remembered that morphia is a poison the traces of which would rapidly disappear, and the inference is that a large quantity was taken.

But while the means by which the unhappy lady died are thus clearly indicated, there is absolute dark as to any adequate motive prompting her to suicide. She was last seen at the Royal Free Hospital, where she was acting as a locum tenens, at about mid-day on August 15th. From that day she was lost to human ken, and no trace of her was found till Sunday, October 17, when some boys, roaming in Richmond Park, were horrified by finding her body under the bushes in Sidmouth Wood, half hidden in the undergrowth, and shrouded in a layer of fallen autumn leaves.

When Theories Break Down.

Why, if the suggestion of suicide is accepted, should this highly educated lady, following the profession of her choice, without known troubles of any kind, seek so desolate a spot, and there voluntarily say farewell to life?

One theory is that she was unnerved by the painful nature of her hospital duties. But the resident house surgeon, Miss Jeanett Campbell, stated yesterday that she seemed in no way apprehensive. Other hospital witnesses described her as quite cheerful and interested in her work.

Was there friction between Miss Hickman and other members of the staff? A succession of witnesses negated any such suggestion. One witness after another declared that she was quite cheerful, that she left the hospital composed, and that she was on good terms with everybody.

It had been, indeed, suggested that Miss Chamberlain, of the Royal Free Hospital, had said something to Miss Hickman which might throw light on the mystery. Miss Chamberlain, who had been summoned as a witness, has gone to Ceylon, whence she will return next January.

But she has left a statutory declaration to the effect that Miss Hickman was in good spirits and they had a pleasant talk at breakfast on the morning of the disappearance.

"We spoke," she says, "of the work to be done, and Miss Hickman said, with a laugh, 'I suppose there are a great number of drunken cases?' I replied, 'There are not so many as there used to be. The new Act has made a difference, they say, and if anything happens that you don't know how to deal with, come to me. She then took the casualty duties from nine to eleven. About ten o'clock she came to me to ask me to see a case that she thought ought to be admitted as an in-patient. I agreed, and the case was admitted. There was no unpleasantness about this; rather the reverse. That was the last time I saw Miss Hickman."

Was Miss Hickman Unnerved?

The testimony of hospital witnesses was thus all in one direction. But one of Miss Hickman's lady friends made a statement supporting the idea that her duties had unnerved her.

This was Miss Ada Withall, of Putney. Miss Hickman dined with her two days before the disappearance, and said she was afraid she was unwise in taking this particular post. She seemed to think she was not so good at surgical as at medical work.

She said she wished she were a man, "because she could go and get drunk."

"I took it as a joke at the time, but in the light of after events I do not now," added the witness. "I think she did fear the work."

But Miss Hickman played a game called "Danish Patience" on the same night, and laughed a great deal.

The evidence of Dr. Stevenson showed that there was a little morphia left in the syringe found, and a large quantity—probably several grains—had been taken. He was surprised to find so much as a sixteenth of a grain so long after death.

The inquiry was adjourned.

The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

THE FIGHT FOR THE ISTHMUS.

THREE REPUBLICS IN THE FIELD.

The Republic of Colombia, the new declared Republic of Panama, and the United States are, as we reported yesterday, on the verge of war. The Republic of Panama has severed itself from the parent Republic of Colombia, and in the resulting disorder the American concessions are endangered.

There is fighting between the two republics on the Isthmus, and the Americans have landed troops for the purpose of preserving order.

The situation is slightly amusing. Some time ago the Republic of Colombia and the United States signed a treaty whereby, in consideration of a certain sum of money, the United States were to be granted a lease of the Isthmus of Panama for the purpose of cutting a canal.

The construction of the Panama Canal, like that of Suez, would mean an immense flow of capital into the country. This money would be spent locally, and the larger part of the Republic of Colombia would have no share in it. Therefore the Republic of Colombia has made difficulties, and refused to ratify the bargain concluded by its Diplomatic representatives. Really it is jealous of the Isthmus, as the rest of England might be should France determine to spend several hundred millions in Cornwall.

Meanwhile Panama, recollecting the palmy days of the French attempt to cut a canal, has grown impatient, and recognising that Colombia's coyness is merely dictated by jealousy and the desire to drive a hard bargain, the Isthmians have cut the painter. In the French days 50,000 workmen were employed on the canal, and money was abundant. Panama, angry at any obstacle being put in the way of the prospect of a similar abundance, has declared herself an independent republic ready to do anything for the United States. So far there has been a bombardment resulting in the death of at least one Chinaman.

The Colombian commander, finding himself in a hot corner, is ready to withdraw the Government troops under his command. The establishment of the new republic is practically assured, and three other Colombian States are ready to join the original seceding State.

The Americans, very naturally, are encouraging their friends, and the U.S. warship Nashville, Reuter reports, has "landed marines to protect life and property," and, incidentally, to protect the canal that America is going to construct as soon as order is secured. The British Consul also, we learn, has suggested that a contingent of troops should be sent from H.M.'s cruiser Amphion, now stationed at Panama. The United States, it appears, will take the lease of the Isthmus at her own price, and Panama and Colon will hum with engineers and machinery again as in the eighties. Seven more American warships have been ordered to the Isthmus, which, by the way, boasts a deadly climate that may prove far more dangerous to the United States than the toy Republic that has challenged her.

SACRIFICED FOR HIS CHILDREN.

The self-sacrificing devotion to his children of a Russian named Kounietsov, who kept a small grocery shop in Moscow, is finely shown in a Reuter message describing a fire on his premises during the night.

Both the front and servants' staircases were in flames. "Let us save ourselves if we can," he cried to his wife, "but, above all, let us save the children." On hearing these words, one of their daughters, aged nine, jumped out of the window, and the mother followed; both were killed. Another daughter also leapt, and sustained severe injuries.

Meanwhile Kounietsov himself, choking in the thick smoke, wandered from room to room seeking for his eldest girl, aged sixteen, and for the youngest, a little girl of two. The three of them were discovered after the fire, the father lying on the floor clasping the baby in his arms, while the eldest daughter lay stretched beneath a bed. They had died of asphyxiation.

KING WHO CANNOT BORROW.

King Peter, the successor of the murdered ruler of Serbia, has found it impossible to obtain a loan "on the security of his life" at the branch office in Vienna of the Gresham Life Insurance Company. His Majesty desired to raise £80,000.

The unfortunate monarch's representative tried all the banks and the richest private money lenders, but all refused his request.

AGAINST THE MULLAH.

Reuter's Aden correspondent telegraphs that the 300 troops, with two guns, manned by garrison artillery, and the fifty native infantry, who were to have proceeded to Nobat yesterday, have been delayed owing to want of transport. The camel drivers have bolted.

The Pope has promised to send an exhibit to the St. Louis Exposition.

KILLED ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

A KENSINGTON LADY'S TRAGEDY.

Nothing more sad could be imagined than the tragedy that has befallen Miss Deacon, of 6, Kensington-gate. On Wednesday she was to have been married at the parish church of St. Mary Abbots. The church had already been decorated for the ceremony when the dead body of the bridegroom that was to have been was found lying in his room at Thriplands, Kensington Court, with a discharged gun by his side. It was an accidental occurrence the coroner's jury found yesterday.

Mr. Dacres Hope Wise, the bridegroom, a son of Colonel William Wise, of Allerton, South Devon, was in the Civil Service, attached to the Federated Malay States. He was thirty-nine years of age, of a cheerful disposition, and with every promise of a successful career before him. He was home on leave, and was to have returned shortly with his bride. On the eve of the ceremony he had been in the best of spirits at a dinner party given by Colonel Crompton, with whom he was staying, and had parted with his fiancée and several of her relatives who were also present on the very best of terms. The only circumstance which could possibly have suggested that his death was otherwise than accidental was the fact that he had been suffering from a recurrence of the depressing fever which residents in the Malay Peninsula know too well. But it was proved that the attacks from which he had suffered had left him. The explanation of the tragedy which the jury accepted was found in the circumstance that at the dinner-party overnight a discussion had arisen as to a technical point in the construction of a gun, and Mr. Wise had advanced an opinion which he asserted he could substantiate by looking down the muzzle of his own gun, which he kept in his room. His death must have been instantaneous, as the nature of the injuries to the head showed.

A FAIRY TALE.

FORTUNE TELLER CHARGED WITH FALSE PRETENCES.

A fortune telling pedlar, named Rose Wright, called at a house in Westbourne-square, Paddington, one afternoon in August and offered to tell the fortune of the domestic servant. It was not a satisfactory interview, for the servant was at first incredulous of her prophecies, though she relented as the fortune teller's promises expanded, finally parting with a gold ring, and the sequel was a charge before Mr. Lane yesterday of false pretences.

"She told me," the girl related to Mr. Lane, "that a young man would marry me in a fortnight's time, and that a dark woman would stop the marriage, but that if I would give her the loan of a ring or a watch she would charm her away from interfering between us."

"I said I did not wish to part with anything. She went on to tell me about the dark woman, and I began to relent, and subsequently let her have my ring, believing that her fairy tale was true."

The accused was remanded.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Mr. J. Churton Collins, who yesterday afternoon began a course of lectures at the Regent-street Polytechnic, is much exercised by the lack of English appreciation for American poetry. He must have forgotten how many second-rate poets of our own we have. "I have been said," he remarked, "that Longfellow is middle-class; and we all know what that means."

Mr. Choate, who took the chair, harped on quite another string, all innocent of what the lecturer was about to say. He congratulated the English on their appreciation of American poetry, and instanced Longfellow in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, Lowell's window in the Chapter House, and Emerson's bust in a Passmore Edwards settlement.

Perhaps Mr. Churton Collins will inform his next chairman in good time of the line he proposes to take.

THE HUMOUR OF THE BENCH.

Mr. Justice Darling's humour is many-sided and of daily occurrence. An action against the Great Eastern Railway Company which had to be postponed on account of the plaintiff's absence gave the learned Judge his opportunity yesterday. The plaintiff, as part of his case, relies upon a notice that the platform barriers would be closed thirty seconds before starting time.

"Is the next case a thirty seconds one?" inquired the Judge.

AUTUMN FLOWER NOVELTIES.

The supply of autumn flowers is more than usually varied this year, says the "Westminster Gazette," and some charming novelties can be seen in the wholesale markets. Orange trees in pots, golden with fruit, are attracting favour, and the feathery yellow-flowered acacia, from the South of France, is another popular importation. The trade in narcissi promises to be unusually extensive.

THE FRENCH GRACE DARLING.

MORE ABOUT HER HEROISM.

The French Grace Darling—otherwise Rose Here, fisherwoman—becomes not less heroic as later and fuller accounts of her exploit at Ushant reveal the extent of her daring and bravery. She was, says a correspondent, gathering shellfish on the rocks near the Pyramide du Ronion, when out of the fog she heard despairing cries, and looking seaward perceived a boat containing fourteen men which was drifting wildly at the mercy of the strong currents among a mass of dangerous reefs. Every now and again it was buffeted by the surf, which threatened to dash the frail craft to pieces.

The occupants of the boat, half-naked and afraid to throw themselves into the sea on account of the swift tide, plied their oars with the courage of despair and shouted at the top of their voices for assistance.

Rose at once signalled to them with her arms that she was coming to their aid, and the shipwrecked men on perceiving her meaning pulled with all their strength for the shore. Rose ran down to the foot of the cliffs, and without losing a moment plunged into the boiling surf dressed as she was and swam to the boat.

Climbing on board, she reassured the sailors as best she could, for she speaks little French, and then, taking her place at the rudder, steered the boat with marvellous adroitness past a thousand dangerous reefs to Pen-ar-Rock, distant about two hours by rowing from the Pyramide du Ronion.

Rose Here is so poor that the British Consul at Brest has started a subscription for her. But she is obviously rich in something more valuable than money.

SIR MICHAEL HITS BACK.

POINTS FROM HIS ADDRESS TO BUSINESS MEN AT MANCHESTER.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach delivered "an address to business men on the fiscal question" at Manchester yesterday, a great part of which he devoted to answering Mr. Chamberlain's speech of the night before.

Some of his points, briefly put, were:—

If any great industry in this country was attacked by unfair competition, as the sugar industry was, it behoved the Government and Parliament to deal with the matter.

Increased imports, taken generally, were a sign of the increasing wealth of the country.

The rise of manufacturing industries abroad had little to do with tariffs, it was a natural development of natural resources.

We must not take the figures of one country alone. If we bought more from France and the United States than we sold them, they bought a great deal from tropical countries, and got us to send cotton goods there in payment of their debts. This was shown by our exports to these countries being much larger than our imports from them. This was the ramification of trade.

Scientific taxation consisted in not taking out of the pockets of the consumer more than was required for the necessities of the country.

Mr. Chamberlain had called him a Little Englander in practice; he was an Imperialist when Mr. Chamberlain's politics did not go beyond Birmingham.

LADY SPENCER'S FUNERAL.

Lady Spencer was buried at Great Brington Church, Northamptonshire, yesterday afternoon. The ceremony was quite a private one, and she was laid to rest only in the presence of a few relatives and friends—chiefly those who had made her home circle at Althorp.

Earl Spencer, Lord and Lady Sandhurst, Lady Sarah Spencer, the Right Hon. Robert Spencer, M.P., General Seymour, Sir George Stirling, and Lord Annaly were the chief mourners. The Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Northampton, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Crewe, Lord Revelstoke, Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Cobham, Lord Dungarvan, Lord Charles Fitzroy, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were among the congregation. The King was represented by Lord Suffield, and the Queen by Earl de Grey; and their Majesties sent a magnificent floral cross, with an inscription expressing deep sympathy written in Queen Alexandra's own hand.

Simultaneously, however, a memorial service was held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which was crowded with other friends of the family. The Prince of Wales was represented by Sir W. Carington, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught by Colonel Egerton.

GUYS OF 1903.

Of all the stages that have marked the decline and fall of Mr. Kruger, surely the saddest was yesterday's, when he was deposed from his hitherto unquestioned position as chief guy, and his great rival, Mr. Chamberlain, was installed in his place.

As guy of the year, Mr. Chamberlain wins easily. Chapman and Dougall had their followers, but for beauty and popularity none could approach the really glorious combination of salmon-pink complexion, nut-brown chevelure, and gilt monocle which the art of the effigy-maker had lavished on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's make-up.

YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Paris, Thursday Night.

To-day in Paris was almost a compensation for the bad weather of the summer. From the early morning until dusk the sun was warm and bright, and the Bois and Champs Elysées were crowded with happy-looking people in light-coloured, if warm, clothes. What little wind there was came from the north, but was not too nipping to be unpleasant. The only really unhappy people in Paris to-day were the umbrella vendors, whose occupation has been gone for five days.

Jeanne Vedekind.

To-night's performance of Jeanne Vedekind was an interesting one from the fact that all Paris gathered to welcome Sarah Bernhardt after her triumphal tourney through Germany and Holland, but the play itself, of which it is contrary to Paris theatrical etiquette to speak until to-morrow, is not likely to prove much more than a stop-gap. The principal item in the divine Sarah's programme for the season will be, of course, Sardou's *La Sorcière*, which the veteran author is to read on Saturday to madame and her troupe. There is no greater intellectual treat than one of these preliminary readings, when a man of Sardou's stamp is the chief actor, for Sardou does a great deal more than merely read his plays—he literally acts them. And it is wonderful how the little man, in his black velvet basque béret, brings before the mind's eye a complete stage effect, and the emotions of every character in his creation.

I may perhaps permit myself an indiscretion or two about the plot of *La Sorcière*. The play takes place at Toledo, at the troubled period which ended in the overthrow and expulsion of the Moors, and the horrors of the times with their Inquisition and their superstitions of all kinds are wonderfully set forth. I hear marvels about the scenery, most of which is painted by Rossini, the artist who was responsible for the graveyard and Inferno scenes in Sardou's *Dante*, which Sir Henry Irving played at Drury Lane.

Decorative Art.

There is a charming little exhibition of decorative art just opened in the Galerie Georges Petit, for which the potter Lachenal, the glazier Daum, and the bronze-worker Majorelle are jointly responsible. Where all is beautiful it is almost invidious to make selection; but perhaps the finest thing on view is a beautiful staircase composed in polished iron and bronze by Majorelle. Lachenal's pottery is poetic, as it always is, the newest thing being some wonderful vases with pale iridescent blue and green flammé decoration. The glass-ware is extraordinary, one of the most remarkable exhibits being a pine tree lamp of reddish enamel, representing the branches of the tree, on which an owl is perched. These tree lamps seem likely to become the fashion, and are certainly a novelty. One of them is most wonderfully decorated to represent a snow-flecked tree, and when lit up electrically, is extraordinarily effective.

International Thieves.

M. Hamard has been giving me a few details of the working methods of Smith, Mahon, and Howard, the three Englishmen who have just been arrested, and who have been responsible for thefts to the value of several millions of francs within the last few months. Their methods are simple, but extraordinarily complete. All three men speak French as perfectly as they do English, and lived the lives of men of leisure. Wishing to rob a bank clerk, as they did successfully a fortnight since, the first of the trio pushed him, the second man took the notes, the third took them from his accomplices, disappeared, and the deed was done. Since their arrest, complaints of all kinds have been pouring into the Sûreté, and numbers of people who have been robbed and apparently by this extraordinary trio, are very great.

Visitors in Paris.

The Elysée Palace Hotel was very cheery about two-time, and a number of people were to be seen there, especially for the "five o'clock," among the number being the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Beaufort and Prince della Rocca. Earlier in the day Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew, who have just arrived, were to be seen luncheon. Sir Anthony Compton-Thornhill is amongst the latest arrivals at this hotel. It goes without saying that the Ritz is also very full just now, and Lord Ilchester has just arrived there. At tea-time Colonel and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley were to be seen there, as well as M. Jules Porges, Lady Gosford, who is in Paris for a few days, the Duc and Duchesse de Morny, and Mrs. Wombwell.

CHINA INDIGNANT AND HELPLESS.

Russia's occupation of Mukden, the Manchurian capital, has made Chinese officials more indignant (Reuter's Pekin correspondent says) than any event which has occurred since the capture of Pekin. But the better informed officials acknowledge that at the attempt to go to war would be madness. Yuan Shi-Kai, the high officer who was ordered to proceed to Mukden for inquiries has gone no farther than Tientsin.

Latest News of London and the Provinces.

ON MURDER BENT.

THE ARMENIAN WITH TWO REVOLVERS AND A COOK'S GUIDE.

A QUIET AND POLITE ASSASSIN.

The system of the French police, which takes note of the stranger directly he gets inside the gate, is repugnant to our notions of British liberty; but when we read the further details a story like that of the murders in Peckham, we are ready to admit that there is something to be said for it.

The man who shot Grigorian and Imirian, but missed Karapetian, is now confidently stated to be the same man who had already killed Sagouni.

He had an even more extraordinary name than his victims, calling himself Jorgie Yangle.

Arriving from the United States, on murder bent, he went to a house in Moncrieff-street, Peckham, about the 17th of last month, and engaged a room. There he stayed till two days before the first murder, that of Sagouni.

As he did not seem to have anything to do his landlady thought he was out of work, as his only possession was a Cook's guide; he paid a week's rent in advance. He was quiet and polite. The only act charged against him was that he locked a cupboard when he manifestly had nothing to lock in it. It is now thought that he had his revolvers there.

During his stay he received two letters, one coming through the post, postmarked London, the other delivered by hand, addressed in pencil and carried by a foreigner.

How the French police would have revelled in investigating the antecedents and intentions of such a mysterious stranger.

"Wanted No More."

When his week's tenancy expired his landlady on going to his room found him gone. On the table lay the following note, "I don't want no more, Jorgie Yangle."

His movements for the next forty-eight hours are unknown, but then came the murder of Sagouni, and we catch a momentary glimpse of him flying without his hat in the direction of Nunhead. Then with the exception of a brief visit to a draper, where he purchased a cap, he disappears again until the revolver shots ring out again, and two more victims fall. Where he was hiding in the meantime has yet to be traced.

But many other things have been found out about him. A duellist of some renown, a noted pistol shot, who boasted that he never missed his aim, a man who bore on him the terrible scars of a murderous outrage in which he himself was the victim, he seems to have been the very type of foreigner who lives in the midst of plot and assassination, who does not exist in great numbers outside sensational novels. The scars which fearfully disfigure his body were caused by corrosive sublimate.

The Hentschakist section of the Armenians are still in deadly terror, for they believe that their rivals, the Alfarists, will still continue their campaign of murder, and that the life of no Hentschakist is safe.

The coroner will open his inquest on Monday next.

MORLEY'S "GLADSTONE" AT 8s. 10d.

The "Times" Encyclopædia, even when purchased before December 19, pales in its cheapness when compared with the bargain cited above. No, the owner of Mr. Morley's "life" was not starving; he was not sacrificing his home and his belongings; he was not the victim of a second-hand bookseller. He is a Passive Resister. At Bournemouth yesterday about 100 Passive Resisters watched their goods put up for auction, and bought them back at a reduction. The auctioneer collared, refusing higher bids than the amount specified on the charge-sheet. Gold watches fetched 10s. 3d.; silver ones were strong at 6s. 6d.; cheese was firm at three-halfpence a pound; a piano went for two guineas. Wardour-street must tear its hair.

A TRIFLE INDISCREET, SURELY?

We expect to hear that Mr. Cluer, the Worship-street magistrate, has brought a great deal of trouble on himself by a remark he made in court yesterday. A little girl, who was about to be put into the witness-box, said she knew the nature of the oath, and that if she did not tell the truth she would go into burning fire. "Yes, that is the teaching; but I hope it is not true," said the magistrate. "Such doctrines are ridiculous."

NOT MERCENARY.

"Was he in his right senses?" asked Judge Edmen at Lambeth County Court yesterday, when he told that a debtor, a clerk with £2 a week, had taken the quixotic step of marrying a widow with no means and seven children.

A gentleman in court suggested that the debtor Edmen might be to obtain the benefit of Judge Edmen's maxim of "No orders where families."

In the last ten months 121,165 immigrants entered Canada, of whom 47,541 were from Great Britain, 39,946 from the United States, and 34,528 from the Continent of Europe. The total is nearly double the figures for the whole of 1902.

A WOMAN PIONEER.

DEATH OF DR. LUCY E. CRADOCK.

The pioneers of life are few; to-day they are one fewer. There has passed away in Liverpool a woman who was among the first of her sex to break through the barriers which for so many years closed the medical profession to women.

Dr. Lucy E. Cradock, whose death is being mourned to-day by countless friends and patients, was appointed by Professor Fawcett, the blind Postmaster General, medical officer to the women employees of the postal service.

For fifteen years Dr. Lucy Cradock had every girl candidate for the postal service pass through her hands, and uniting as she did a ready sympathy with the highest medical skill, she became the counsellor and friend, as well as the physician of the whole of the women on the staff.

After fifteen years' arduous work repeated attacks of ill-health forced her to resign, but she took up medical work in Liverpool, where, by her ability and quiet tactfulness, she conquered the prejudice which at that time the medical profession entertained to women practitioners. She died at her work, and leaves behind a lasting grief in many hearts.

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN CHEF."

Yesterday's meeting of the National Woman Workers' Union was held at Gloucester, and the proceedings were wrapped in a dense fog. Undeterred by the condition of the atmosphere, however, Lady Verney revealed herself as a wit, and Mrs. Sheldon Amos as a champion of "Little Mary." Lady Verney's flashes included: "Finishing schools are schools that finish what has never begun." "Higher education," she declared, amid a flutter of approval, "was both underdone and overdone."

But Mrs. Sheldon Amos is the revolutionary among the woman workers. Her proposal that boys should attend cooking classes evoked roars of thoughtless mirth; yet the idea was little short of an inspiration. Still, Mrs. Sheldon Amos has betrayed her sex. Without cooking man is an easy and a natural prey; with cooking, he will scoff at matrimony and contribute new recipes to the *Daily Mirror*.

DRURY LANE'S CHANCE.

Mr. Arthur Collins of Drury Lane has a unique opportunity of adding to the realistic effectiveness of his next production. An ancient hostelry, "The Whittington Stone," Highgate, is in the market. Outside it stands the identical stone that one has so often gazed upon in Christmas pantomimes. Upon this stone Dick Whittington rested when the bells foretold his future eminence; in this hostelry the future occupant of the Mansion House partook of an informal meal before returning to London and success. Mr. Collins should secure both stone and hostelry without delay. He could use them at Drury Lane; and was not his predecessor, Sir Augustus Harris, nearly a Lord Mayor? The thing is full of possibilities.

LARGE HOUSE AND SMALL MEANS.

Much is heard of the poverty of the country clergy. A case at Bloomsbury County Court suggests that the pinch of keeping up appearances on the smallest means is equally severe in some London livings.

The Rev. George Villiers Briscoe, of St. Benet's, Kentish Town, told Judge Bacon he had £150 a year, and had to pay £48 rent and taxes. "I live in a large house, it's true," he said, "but it would take a thousand a year to keep it up adequately, and we only live in a corner of it." Mr. Briscoe has a wife and six children.

BAD FOR THE ALLIGATOR.

The first alligator ever killed by a motor-car has been bagged near Orlando, Florida. The alligator, which was hungry, and twelve feet long, was chasing a plump, appetising negro child across a road, when a twenty-horse Winton Car struck the reptile and broke its neck. The teeth of the dying alligator punctured one of the tyres. Colonel Josiah D. Schalk was the driver of the car, according to the American papers, and he will stuff the alligator and present it to the Automobile Club of America.

THE SLUMP IN CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

The crying ingratitude of the inhabitants of these islands has had a striking result. The unwearied labours of Mr. Carnegie in conferring libraries upon a thankless world have hitherto been wonderfully successful; but people are on their guard now, and it is not so easy to take the simple town council unaware. But by a bold stroke Mr. Carnegie has made a mistake in Barbados, and offered them £2,500 for a library. They were taken completely off their guard, and surrendered without a struggle.

A Florentine professor is said to have found that a copper wire wrapped round the leg and allowed to extend to the floor will prevent sleep-walking.

CAPTAIN WRIGHT'S V.C.

EXPLOIT COMMENDED BY THE KING.

The King yesterday conferred the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon Captain W. D. Wright, The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment), attached to the Northern Nigeria Regiment, for conspicuous bravery in March last. He joined the Army in 1891, so the greatest honour has come to him quickly.

His one exploit, which was fully described in newspaper despatches at the time, he being then a lieutenant in Nigeria, consisted of taking up a position with one officer and forty-four men, and sustaining the determined charges of one thousand horse and two thousand foot for two hours.

When the enemy, after heavy losses, fell back in good order, Lieutenant Wright continued to follow them up till they were in full retreat.

"The personal example of this officer, as well as his skilful leadership, contributed largely to the brilliant success of this affair." In these words the King, in last night's Court Circular, commended Lieutenant Wright's performance, and it is added "He in no way infringed his orders by his daring initiative, as though warned of the possibility of meeting large bodies of the enemy he had purposely been left with a free hand."

CHORLEY ELECTION RESULT.

The chief interest of the contest in the Chorley division of Lancashire, the result of which was announced yesterday, lay in the fact that the division had not been contested since 1885, when the Liberals, with only a candidate *pour rire*, were in a minority of 3,059. The Liberal campaign, which was against Lord Balcarras, on his acceptance of office as Junior Lord of the Treasury, had been carried on with great vigour, but he won a decided victory, the figures being:

Lord Balcarras (C.).....	6,226
Mr. J. Lawrence (L.).....	4,798
Majority.....	1,428

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, chief Liberal Whip, writes to Mid-Herts in support of the candidature of Mr. Bamford Slack—"A victory for Mr. Balfour is a victory for Mr. Chamberlain, taxation of food, and protection."

CAN WE AFFORD MOTOR-CARS?

Can we afford motor-cars? Not if we make a practice of meeting dressmakers' machinists in Conduit-street and have the misfortune to knock them down with our motor-broughams. This is what happened to Lord de Grey, whose brougham thus injured Miss Mary Hayes. Yesterday a sympathetic jury, in spite of the evidence of Lady Julia Duff, who was in the brougham, and who denied that it knocked Miss Hayes down, awarded that lady £250 damages.

In another case of a similar character, the Folkestone Motors, Ltd., had to pay Mrs. Robert Fryer £200 for damages sustained in Folkestone. Mr. Justice Bigham, in summing up, said that he did not like motor-cars, did not drive one, and disliked being driven in one; but that must not on account prejudice the jury. Of course, it didn't.

GREAT LIVES, SMALL FORTUNES.

Three interesting wills were made known yesterday, those of the late Viscountess Glenworth, Sir Michael Herbert, and the Rev. Edward Ker Gray.

All left singularly little in these days of great fortunes. Lady Glenworth, who died at the age of 100, left but £19,601 6s. 4d., as the accumulation of so long a lifetime; Sir Michael Herbert left a gross estate of but £7,924 6s. 2d., while the fact that his net personalty is returned at "nil, absolutely," emphasises again how poorly our Ambassador in Washington is paid. The Rev. Ker Gray left £2,252 18s. 5d.; among his legacies was one of £300 to the verger of St. George's Chapel, Albemarle-street, where he was incumbent.

DEER AND THE BAGPIPES.

The charm of the bagpipes has never been conceded outside Scotland, but the "Scottish Field" declares proudly that deer enjoy the skirl. In proof of this alleged fascination, the following incident is mentioned by the journal as convincing proof:—

The guard of honour at Ballater made an ascent of Lochnagar. When the pipes blew up they roused a stag, who was so charmed with the music that he ignored, with fatal result, the approach of the Prince of Wales, then Duke of York, who happened to be stalking in the Royal forest at the time.

£1,000 A YEAR FOR CLEANLINESS.

Board schools in London have been allowed approximately four towels for every hundred scholars daily, with a more liberal proportion in poor districts. The number is to be increased to six or ten per hundred according to district, and the extra cost will be £1,000 a year.

Mr. Graham Murray, Secretary for Scotland, has appointed Mr. Guy Speir to be his unpaid private secretary.

SHORT TELEGRAMS.

Well and Happy.

Mr. Chamberlain attended a meeting of the Imperial Tariff Committee at Birmingham yesterday. He was in good health, and has not suffered by his exertions of the previous evening.

Radium for Cancer.

Dr. Exner, who has been experimenting under the auspices of the Vienna Academy of Sciences with the radium cure on cancer patients, is said to have furnished particulars of nine cases in which the treatment has been successful.

A Little Puzzle.

The following little puzzle has been troubling the leisure of Liverpool stockbrokers: "Mary is twenty-four years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?"

An Ounce A Day.

Ann Probbitt, aged sixty-one, of Brentford, is dead. At yesterday's inquest it was stated that her death was due to excessive laudanum drinking. "It was the one pleasure she had in life"; and she took an ounce per day of it.

Wine and Water.

Yesterday the village of Corniglio, near Parma, caught fire. Its destruction seemed certain, because water was scarce and the village made of wood. In the cellars of every house, however, stood barrels of the local wine. The inhabitants decided to make the sacrifice. They extinguished the flames with Vino Corniglio and water.

Mr. Meredith and Compensation.

Mr. George Meredith, the novelist, has signed the National Temperance Manifesto, which created some considerable discussion by its pronouncement in favour of the principle of compensation with reservations. The most important of these was that the funds should be raised entirely by the "trade." The manifesto has been very widely signed.

Five Months on the Prairie.

Charles Watkinson, who is sixteen years old, and a native of Leeds, ran away from his home last June and has just come back. He is a sensitive youth, and could not put up with the teasing of his comrades. He has had five months of adventure in the wilds of Bradford, where he supported himself by selling newspapers. His lodging was an old bus until Buffalo Bill arrived and turned him into a Red Indian. But Buffalo Bill has gone; Charles Watkinson has changed his skin; and his present address is Leeds—as before.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to report any improvement on the Stock Exchange. Dealers declare they never wish to see the market as good as it is for business. Fears of dear money, which mean that interest rates for speculators will be higher, and above all fears of new loans offered to a public which has no available capital to pay for them, and which will probably only result in depressing prices still further, are the main causes for disaffection.

And a further depressing point is the position of the banks. They will want all the money they can get at the close of the year, and the amounts of the best investment stocks like Consols. In taking stock of their possessions they have valued these securities higher than they would stick to in the market. They will have to provide the sum necessary to write these down to a lower value, taking the amounts out of reserve, or perhaps to some extent out of profits, and probably reducing dividends. The banks are very closely watched nowadays in the City, and there is no doubt that they will drastically in their own defence, as, indeed, they should. It is no easy thing to obtain a loan of any dimensions from the banks to-day.

The Cape Town loan has not proved a success. It was cheap enough, a 4 per cent. stock at 97. But the fact of the matter is the public does not want new loans. As to good markets to-day, if we except West Australian mines and perhaps Argentina, there was really not a good market at all. Consols looked very unhappy, owing to the fear of the new loan. Americans are, of course, quite out of favour, and if somebody came into the Kafr market and bought, he might almost come to be regarded as a Public Benefactor, so utterly depressed and demoralised is that once happy section.

LADY GOLF CHAMPIONS.

The tie between Devonshire and Kent for the Ladies' Inter-county Golf Championship was played off yesterday at Sunningdale, when Devonshire, the Western champions, defeated Kent, the Southern champions, by a majority of four points, the winners securing five matches and halving two, thus totalling six points, whilst the losers effected two halved matches and obtained only one win, thus totalling two points. The individual matches resulted:—

DEVONSHIRE.		KENT.	
Miss E. Morant.....	1	Miss Stanley Stubbs.....	0
Miss P. C. Carter.....	1	Miss Straker.....	0
Hon. L. Yorke-Buller.....	1	Miss Jackson.....	0
Mrs. C. Wingfield.....	0	Miss Butler.....	4
Sturford.....	1	Mrs. Edwards.....	0
Miss Hopkins.....	1	Mrs. Michael.....	1
Mrs. Bowker.....	0	Mrs. Powell.....	1
Mrs. Wood.....	0		
Miss D. Compton.....	1		
Lundie.....	4		
Total.....	6	Total.....	2

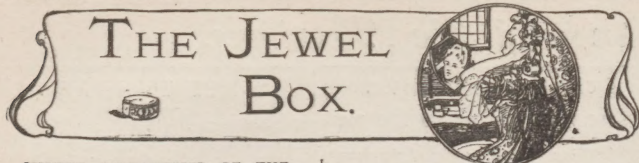
RACES POSTPONED THROUGH FOG.

Owing to dense fog, yesterday's racing at Northampton was postponed until to-day, when the programme as already arranged will, weather permitting, be carried out. Lingfield November Meeting commences to-day, when Causeway may win the November Nursery, Scullion the Park Plate, and Induction the Wharfedale, Welter, and Irish Gallop the London and Brighton Stakes.

Northampton selections:—Naseby Handicap—Maori (Maiden); Apprentices' Plate—Merry Saint; Compton Welter—Dorothy; Holmer Nursery—Blossom.

The following are the latest prices of the Liverpool Autumn Cup candidates:—5 to 1 Bursley, 7 to 1 Palmly Days, 8 to 1 Torrens, 100 to 1 Bursley's Button, Pellission, 100 to 1 Happy Slave.

The following are the probable starters and jockeys for the Liverpool Cup—Bursley (Maiden), Bursley's Button (Maiden), Grey Tick (Hardy), Happy Slave (Butcher), Palmly Days (Hepbell), Pellission (Aylm), Thoroughway (M. Cannon), Sicilianaria (Jarvis), Hope-ton or Torrens (Griggs).



SUPERB ORNAMENTS OF THE NEWEST PATTERN.

"Firm in friendship is November, and she bea
Loyal love beneath the topaz that she wears."
—The Gem of the Month.

No art has advanced more during the past few years than that of the jeweller's, and whereas a few years ago gem-work was designed in heavy, inartistic forms, the great aim of the present-day jeweller seems to be to show good stones to the greatest advantage combined with graceful design and fine workmanship.

Newest Fashion in Jewels.

Messrs. Tiffany and Messrs. Cartier, the great American and French jewellers, may be said to have acted as pioneers in the way of beautiful productions for all forms of jewelled ornaments. What was more hideous than masses of diamonds set in gold and sold as so-called ornaments for the neck? They and the old-fashioned diamond crescents, stars, butterflies, and other jewels heavily mounted in gold are now scarcely ever seen.

In their place arrives jewellery made according to a period, whether it be Empire, Louis XV., Louis XVI., or other times, when design and form were the first consideration. New fashions in jewels may be seen almost daily

A Ruby and Diamond Tiara made with a downward Empire or classical droop at the back.



rubies, in accordance with the custom insisted on by jewellers with regard to coloured stones, are set in gold. This is a necklace that is valued at not a penny under twenty thousand pounds.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Miss Decima Moore, to whose charming personality and sweet voice must be attributed much of the success of "My Lady Molly," is a great lover of canaries, and possesses some fine specimens of these engaging songsters. She considers that she ought to have been born in the East, as she is a fervent sun worshipper, and can spend whole days in the summer lying in a boat with her face upturned to the sun.

The Motto of Letty.

Miss Nancy Price, who has achieved such a well-deserved success in her delineation of the milliner's assistant in "Letty," is of Irish descent, but in spite of her Celtic origin will not confess to any superstitions. Her sympathies are, however, with the fastidious pride of the poor Irish gentlewoman, who, though she may be reduced almost to her last penny, still insists on keeping her silver plate, in order that her table appointments may at least be pleasing to her eye. Miss Price is a great reader and student of philosophical literature, and is a contributor of thoughtful essays to many magazines. Her favourite writer is Emerson, and she is also an admirer of Maeterlinck's works. Her success has not been without struggles or disappointments, but she is a born fighter, and has always refused to give way to despondency. In the darkest moments of her life Miss Price says that she has always been cheered by the remembrance of her own motto: "Those only fail who give up."

Was To Have Been a Sculptor.

The frigid Marion of Mr. Pinero's play "Letty," Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson, has only been on the stage for three years. When she left Bedford College, she trained at the art school with the ultimate intention of becoming a sculptor. However, she decided eventually to give up this career. She began her stage life by walking on in Robespierre, under Sir Henry Irving's management. Since that time Miss Forbes Robertson has toured with her uncle, Mr. Forbes Robertson, with whom she played Ophelia, Juliet, and Maisie in "The Light that Failed." Miss Forbes Robertson has no pet theories or superstitions, cultivates a sane and healthy view of life, and was brought up to play hockey, cricket, and lacrosse. She is an admirer of Tolstoy and Hardy's books, and when asked to choose a working motto, considered that her own ideas were best indicated in the two words "Aim high." At the present moment she is engaged in organising a concert for the Children's Convalescent Home at St. Leonard's, an institution which is kept up by the old girls of the school in which Miss Forbes Robertson was educated.

MUSIC AND SONG.

There has been a good deal of discussion of late as to whether it is good for children to learn music, and there is very much to be said in favour of their not beginning too early. If a child has a great natural gift, he or she will gravitate to the nearest piano, and may be allowed to play as an amusement even when as young as six years old. Eight is a good age at which to begin regular tuition.

If lessons do not begin early, how are fingers to attain the agility needful for playing either violin or piano? Young joints are flexible, and older ones are not, so that is one most important reason for children beginning to learn young. Also children have retentive memories, and learning by heart becomes a habit. But long hours of continuous practice are excessively bad for children, or even for older people. They destroy the nerves, and it is quite possible to be so eager to work a piece to its highest perfection that finally the strained hands and brain refuse to play it at all, and it has to be put by for a while.

Neither fingers nor brain can stand too long a strain, and for children a quarter of an hour at a time, with rests between, growing to half an hour by degrees, repeated at intervals, is quite a sufficient amount of work.

Mr. Mark Hambourg has returned to England after a long and arduous tour in America and Australia. The talented musician will only give one recital in London this season—on Nov. 18. A few days later, however, he intends joining forces with Miss Marie Hall, at Liverpool, where the two young artists have announced a concert on the 21st.

Miss Adela Verne, the pianist, who was twice before the public last week, is a brilliant example of what England can produce. Though of foreign extraction, Miss Verne's studies began and ended in this country, her only teacher having been her sister, Miss Mathilde Verne, one of Madame Schumann's most successful pupils.

Miss Dorothy Bridson, who made her bow before the public last week, is a pupil of Professor Sevcik, the master, in turn, of Miss Marie Hall, Kubelik, and Kocian. In his latest scholar, musical talent, seemingly, is hereditary, Miss Bridson's father having been a popular singer.



A Breezy Atmosphere.

Here is a straightforward story with a sensible heroine. Irene Ronaldson, poor and dependent, comes into a fortune of twenty thousand a year, and instantly buys a big steam yacht to use as a convalescent ship for poor ladies. With the help of two friends, several women, ailing and indigent, are taken for a cruise. Other guests, including some officers on sick leave, are invited, and the ups and downs of half a dozen love stories keep the reader alert and amused.

The story is bright, brisk, and original; here and there Miss Crommelin might polish her style with profit to herself and the reader, but from first to last "Partners Three" is emphatically a pleasant book.

PARTNERS THREE. By May Crommelin. (John Long.) 6s.

Sad and Powerful

The title "Sanctuary" expresses in one poignant word the axis of this story, in which we welcome a return, not to the laboured miniature-painting of the author's last book, "The Valley of Decision," but to the powerful simplicity of her earlier work.

Kate Orme, a sheltered only child, is radiant with the joy of loving Denis Peyton, the man she is to marry, but Mrs. Wharton, with a clever sense of contrast, reveals and shatters that joy in the first chapter. Peyton, when tested, fails, and Kate, though her soul revolts, marries him from a motive not here to be divulged.

The second part of the tale narrates the weird recurrence of weakness and temptation in Kate Peyton's fatherless son. Every page is a masterly analysis of a mother's devotion. One sentence will show the high level upon which this theme is treated: "It was because her intimacy with her son was the one need of her life that she had, with infinite tact, but with equal persistency, clung to every step of his growth, dissembling herself, adapting herself, rejuvenating herself, in the passionate effort to be always within reach, but never in the way."

Such work muzzles criticism; yet we venture to warn Mrs. Wharton that restraint must guard against baldness.

SANCTUARY. By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan.) 3s. 6d.

A Woman Journalist at Work.

The first and longest in this collection of short stories, the one called "A Woman Journalist," is by far the best. In spite of the fact that we are getting rather tired by this time of the woman in fiction who earns her living,

THE PAPERS.

THE TRUTH OUT.

A man always admires a beautiful woman, but his infatuation is reserved for the woman who can make him admire himself.—"Onlooker."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LOCKS.

[A Birmingham barber . . . counts Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collins among his clients and possesses samples of their hair in his collection of personal relics.]

Let other gifted misers,
Attached to purple thrones,
Secure the laurels of Kaisers,
Or princely cherry-stones;
For them I feel no jealous gall,
No trace of bile I bear,
Who have upon my parlour wall
A slice of Joseph's hair.—"Punch."

CHILDREN'S VANITY.

It is only too common for an admiring but hopelessly injudicious friend to say of a child, who is remarkable for beauty, in its presence, "How sweet she looks!" or "What lovely hair!" or "What beautiful eyes!" It is not a matter for surprise if a child who hears admiration thus openly expressed before it develops excessive vanity, and on some future occasion remarks to its mother, "Aren't I sweet, mummy?" or, "Haven't I beautiful eyes, mummy?"—"Hearth and Home."

YOUNG GIRLS AS GAMBLERS.

A girl who was just out went to stay at a fashionable house, and in the evening was compelled, out of courtesy to her hostess, to play "Bridge," a game about which she knew next to nothing. When the evening's play was over, she was astounded and horrified by the announcement that she owed £40 to her hostess! Could anything be more reprehensible than the conduct of the hostess in allowing a young girl in her charge to be fleeced in this way?—"The Lady."

THE CRIME OF THE AMATEUR.

When I wore socks I can distinctly recollect ladies in large chignons and Dolly Varden hats amusing themselves with photographic albums. . . . Those were the days in which people were taken at full length, leaning on a cardboard pillar and toying with a calico rose. . . . How funny they are. . . . Yet not nearly so funny as the modern snapshot—a photograph in which your mouth comes out the size of a pillar-post, and your feet are seemingly encased in No. 7 boots. Why not make it a penal offence to reprint photographs without the consent of the victim?—"Ladies Field."

We cannot help being interested in Marian East, who is, at all events, a real person, and is presented to us cleverly enough by the author. Although a woman journalist and the heroine of a short story, she does not startle every editor she meets with her brilliant talent, nor does she, after a meteoric career in which she writes a successful novel and earns enormous sums of money, marry the publisher who begged for her first novel.

She goes through all the difficulties that beset the woman who has to earn her living; and she overcomes them, as that kind of woman generally does, and she remains unmarried, as that kind of woman generally does. The story is worth reading, too, for the character-study of Mr. Stanton, the head of the literary syndicate. It is a pity that with so much sincerity and knowledge of life, Mr. Lyall should not write with more distinction of style. Commonplace, not to say common, expressions, such as "Gleams of sunshine and uplifting hope I had indeed, else had I fainted and failed by the way," and again: "It was an elegant creation of cashmere and lace fit for any company," are not worthy of a serious writer.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME. By David Lyall. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s.

The Inevitable.

This pretty tale, with a depressing moral, illustrates the Spanish proverb, "By the road of by-and-by we reach the gate of Never." When first met the hero and heroine are playing sea-saw in a flowery meadow, and Anthony Vavasour, the boy baronet, assures little Mary Gilbert, the only daughter of an undesirable father, that "by-and-by" they will get married.

For eleven years they are both content with this "by-and-by" prospect; then, Anthony, versatile and restless, travels, and meets a lovely and magnetic Countess. All that follows is pathetic and inevitable.

The workmanship of the book is conscientious, if not brilliant; and though the story is in outline somewhat hackneyed it is nevertheless charming, vigorous, and wholesome.

THE GATE OF NEVER. By F. G. Chatterton. (John Long.) 6s.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

ROMANCE (a novel). By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. Smith, Elder.
AMAZING ADVENTURES (picture book for children). By S. Baring Gould. Stoughton and Sons.
HETTY WATSON (an historical novel). By A. T. Quiller Couch. Harper.
COMMISSIONER KEAR: An Individuality (a biography). By G. Pitt Lewis, K.C. Fisher Unwin.



A Superb Ornament of the Louis XV. period, that can be worn either as a necklace or a stomacher.

These also are made pliable so as to fit the neck. They can, of course, be used as waist buckles as well. Nearly every piece of jewellery is accommodating in this way. A charming hair ornament is made of single stone diamonds, the form being that of a conventionalised fleur-de-lis. This is the type of ornament that can be worn at the theatre or at any ordinary evening reception, when a tiara would be out of place.

A lovely design for a diamond and ruby tiara made by Cartier for a very well-known American lady is illustrated. The effective mille-grain setting is used for the stones, and the whole thing is a marvel of lightness and design. It is rather unusual for a tiara to take the downward tendency at the back, a pattern that is certainly brilliantly effective and becoming.

Another very original design for a diamond tiara consists of fifteen enormous and most fine stones of exquisite water and form. This tiara was also made for a handsome American,

To-Day's News in Town and Country.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street, Thursday Night.

Happily the fine weather is still with us, and with the glass steadily rising there seems every prospect of the present cold snap continuing over the week-end.

This morning in the West End there were plenty of people walking about, mostly well wrapped up, and closed carriages have been the order of the day, both in the morning and afternoon.

Before lunch Lady Meysey-Thompson was driving in an electric buggy; Mrs. Rochfort Maguire flashed by in a hansom, and Consuelo Duchess of Manchester was also driving. In Rotten Row, which has sprung into life again since the weather has improved, Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, riding a chestnut horse, is one of the most frequent attendants; and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, has ridden every morning since he returned from Paris.

Isabella Lady Wilton, dressed in bright mauve, was walking this morning, and Mrs. Stirling (she is an aunt of the Duchess of Newcastle) had her two dogs with her. Miss Armyne Gordon, wearing a neat dark tweed dress, with a tam-o'-Shanter to match, was cycling in a fearless fashion down Piccadilly; Lady Bathurst was driving this afternoon, and Mrs. Samuelson, in Sloane-street, was in an electric carriage; while any number of men included Mr. Reginald Brougham, Mr. John Thynne, Sir Arthur Lucas, and Mr. Montague Guest, who was strolling in Knightsbridge.

At the Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt, who have arrived in town from the Continent on their way to America, and are staying at the Berkeley for a week, were lunching there to-day; and Lady Byron, in an Indian red dress, with a toque to match, was at another table. Lord Buchan was one man to be seen, and Mr. Gully, the Speaker's son, another; while there were a good many other parties.

At the School of Art Needlework.

The first of the "At Homes" at the Royal School of Art Needlework took place this afternoon in the new building. Mrs. Theobald was the hostess, and among those who looked in during the afternoon for tea and to buy the pretty artistic things which are always in view were Lady Anne Fane, Lady Thynne, Mrs. Kinnear (in black), Mrs. Reginald Parker (in purple), Mrs. William Ellis, and Mrs. Guinness. Mrs. Corkran was there with her daughter, and Lady Lacom.

The Duchess of Somerset opened a Sale of Work this afternoon at the Portman Rooms in aid of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. The Duchess, who was received by Lord Kinnaird, was dressed in cream-coloured glacé silk, with touches of pale blue and a black and gold toque. Lady Muriel Paget accompanied her, and amongst others present were Lady Tracey, Mrs. Yorke Bevan (in grey), with her daughters, Lady Forsyth, Lady Every, and Miss Gertrude Kinnaird, in black.

Some Dinners.

There were several parties at the Carlton this evening. Mr. Humphrey and Lady Feo Sturt were entertaining, and Lord and Lady Yarmouth were also dining. Miss Muriel Wilson, in grey, with a rope of pearls round her neck, was with friends; Miss Cassel, wearing black with red roses, also looked very nice; and Mr. Sidney Greville was included in another party.

Where Some People Are.

Lord and Lady Carnarvon are staying at Highclere Castle, their beautiful place in Berkshire, where they are entertaining a succession of Saturday to Monday parties. Lady Shaftesbury has arrived in town, and is staying at her house in Bryanston-square. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Chapman are staying at a private hotel in Jermyn-street, where the latter is laid up with a chill.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Sandringham is already en fête in view of His Majesty's approaching birthday celebrations. The King's return to his Norfolk home is always a source of the keenest pleasure and interest to the whole of the neighbourhood; and that portion of Norfolk hardly feels itself to be alive when the King and Queen are absent.

His Majesty's usual birthday party, which invariably includes the Duke of Cambridge, will gather together on Saturday, and all the Sovereign's children will be with him to fête his sixty-second birthday next Monday.

Princess Alice of Albany, in a light fawn cloth gown and a white felt hat, trimmed with violets, drove from Claremont yesterday afternoon, attended by Colonel and Miss Waller, to the Surbiton Assembly Rooms, and attended a bazaar there. She visited all the stalls, at which she made extensive purchases.

Lord William Bentinck, a half-brother of the Duke of Portland, whose death occurred on his way out to India to rejoin his regiment, the 10th Hussars. Lord William served with

great distinction in the South African war, and his holiday in England last year was protracted owing to an accident last winter while out hunting at Kington, in Warwickshire. He was only pronounced fit to rejoin his regiment a few days before he decided to sail for India with Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure.

Several parties are being made up for the Festival Dinner at Prince's Restaurant on November 25, when the Duke of Connaught presides. The Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Granby, and Lady Savile, will all take guests, and others who have promised to be present include Lady Clementine Waring, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, and Mrs. Ronald Greville.

On Tuesday, November 17th, a reception will be given by the Society of Women Journalists in the Galleries of the "Royal Society of British Artists," to meet the president, Lady Sarah Wilson, who has kindly consented to give a short address concerning her experiences in South Africa, when many distinguished men and women will be present.

The deafness of the Duchess of Marlborough has been greatly exaggerated. She certainly pays flying visits abroad to a great ear specialist, but so far the symptoms are slight, and she is merely guarding against developments.

Of all the American women who have made their homes in England there is none who visits her native land so often as Mrs. Arthur Paget, and who intends to spend Christmas there this year. Miss Leila Paget has been in America for some time past, and is much admired. The climate seems to suit her, for she has grown much stronger, and will probably return to Europe with her mother.

There will be private theatricals at Chatsworth in January, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will entertain a large party of guests to witness them. Among those who will take part in the performances are Count Albert Mensdorff, Mr. Leo Trever, Lady Alexandra Acheson, Mrs. Willie James, and Miss Muriel Wilson.

Lady Rosalind Northcote has lately entered the Metropolitan Hospital, in the Kingsland Road, for the purpose of learning how to nurse the sick, so that it may instruct the tenants on her father's estate in the art of helping themselves and comrades alike in illness. Lady Hermione Blackwood at the same hospital, proved a most apt pupil. Both ladies have stayed at the Metropolitan as "paying guests," as well as students.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.

Miss Ione Paley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Paley, of Freckenham House, Solam, Cambs., was married yesterday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Major Capel Cure, of Blake Hall, Essex. There were eight bridesmaids, dressed in white satin dresses and white hats trimmed with shad-d geraniums. They carried bouquets of geraniums, and wore bracelets given them by the bridegroom. The little page was also in white satin, with a geranium velvet cape slung across one shoulder.

The reception was held at 90, Onslow-gardens, kindly lent by Mrs. Paley, sister of Lord Rayleigh, and the bride and bridegroom left during the afternoon for Paris and Algiers. Among the guests were Lady Romney, in black, with a sealskin coat; Lady Kathleen Gautschi, in stone-colour, with sable furs; Miss Katherine Somerset, in brown; Lady Bunbury, in black, with a pretty daughter in dark blue; Mrs. Arthur Capel Cure, in grey, with chinchilla furs, and Mrs. Foljambe.

The bride's presents included a pearl necklace, diamond spray, two diamond rings, and a brougham from the bridegroom, and a sable stole and muff from her father and mother; the gifts numbering over two hundred.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The annual sale of work and Christmas presents at the Church House, Westminster, in aid of the Church at home and abroad will not take place until Wednesday and Thursday next week.

Owing to an attack of bronchitis the Countess of Egmont was unavoidably prevented from accepting the invitation for the laying of the foundation-stone of the King's Sanatorium at Midhurst.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Fulke J. Walwyn, D.S.O., Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and Miss Norah Greenshields will take place at Malpas Church, Cheshire, on the 16th of December.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Captain Harold F. Hardman, Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infantry, of Cadbury House, Yatton, Somerset, eldest son of the late Rev. J. W. Hardman, LL.D., and Florence Mabel, younger daughter of the late Mr. T. M. Ferrier, Montpelier, by Dundee, and of Mrs. W. F. Walker, 17, Regent-terrace, Edinburgh.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

WOMAN IN CLUBLAND.

No sooner has the project for one new ladies' club been put forward than there is another, and yet another, found following in its train. The Lyceum Club for literary women and others of similar interests which is spoken of in Clubland as likely to be one of the very largest undertakings ever known in club life is already quickly materialising.

The next is to be known as the Ladies' Military and Naval Club. This title somewhat indicates the circles from which members will be drawn, and the club is to be extremely exclusive. It will be social in character, and until the members require their own clubhouse they will be the guests of one of the most well-known of ladies' clubs.

Anglo-American.

Premises have already been taken for the last of the new clubs. This is not in London, but in Paris. It is to be an Anglo-American club, practically a rendezvous for English and American ladies, where they may stay and enjoy club life as if they were in London. The clubhouse, in comparison with many of its confrères in London will be small, but its position—the Rue de la Paix—speaks volumes. There will be from sixteen to twenty bedrooms, besides all the usual reception rooms of an up-to-date club, and it will be run exactly on the same lines as prevail at the New County Club in Hanover-square. The subscription for residents in England and America will probably be something like forty francs a year; for those living in Paris, it will of course be considerably more.

New County.

The New County Club itself has had for the last five weeks a most crowded clubhouse. Members up from the country on shopping expeditions and to participate in the town pleasures of the autumn season, have been making their club an important centre for the bestowal of hospitality, and a number of very interesting dinner parties have been the result.

New Victorian.

The latest novelty in connection with Clubland is surely the venture of the New Victorian Club, which has taken an orchard and large market garden in the country for the supply of fruits and vegetables for club consumption, the gardeners sending up the produce direct once or twice a week. A laundry for the club is also established in this rural district far beyond the smoke of London.

The Empress.

As a guest of his wife, who is a member, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been lunching and dining during the week at the Empress Club. Lady Alexander Kennedy, Lady Maitland, and Lady Boughie, who is known as possessing some extremely fine diamonds, are among those members now staying in the club. On Wednesday Mrs. H. Cole held a very brilliant reception at the clubhouse, her friends numbering nearly two hundred.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

Continuous wet weather is spoiling all opening meets of the hounds in Devonshire and Somerset, but with true sporting instinct large fields are turning out.

The Dulverton foxhounds had their initial meet at Rhyll, and over one hundred and fifty persons assembled at the Hunt breakfast. A good day's hunting was put in. One fox was killed, and a second provided a capital run.

The opening meet of the East Devon was at Woodbury Common, but the sudden state of the ground caused the hunt to keep to the high roads as much as possible, and interfered with the pleasure of a run after a fox which managed to save his brush.

South Berks.

The opening meet of the South Berks Hunt took place in glorious weather at the kennels, Calcot, near Reading, yesterday, and one of the largest fields for a great many years assembled.

Amongst those present were General Swettenham, Captain Arthur Hill, M.P., Colonel Collings, Colonel Chapman, A.R., Major and Mrs. Drake, etc. This was the last meet at Calcot, where kennels have been established for forty years, and the present Master has lived eleven years. Recently the Committee of the hunt purchased Belleisle Farm, Purley, near Pangbourne, and here new kennels, Master's residence, and huntsmen's cottages are being erected. The removal takes place next June.

After partaking of the Master's hospitality a move was made to the plantation at Burghfield, where hounds quickly gave tongue, and a fine fox jumping up went away to Mortimer, where he was lost in a drain near the church. Another fox was soon on foot, but scent was wretched, and hounds failed to pick up the line.

Sir Watkin Wynn's.

The opening meet of Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds at the Cock, at Barton, of historic fame, was attended by a very large and fashionable company, including the Master, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Arthur Grosvenor, Mr. Alexander Parker, the Rev. A. R. Parker, and Capt. and Mrs. Ethelston. After an hour's delay on account of fog a grand run of over an hour was participated in, finishing with a kill.

COUNTRY GOSSIP.

House Parties.

Lord and Lady Londesborough are entertaining a house party this week at Londesborough, their place at Market Weighton, and their guests include Lord Westmorland, Major and Mrs. Stracey-Clitherow, Sir Claude de Crespiigny, and Miss Fairfax. A village concert is organised for Friday, and Miss Fairfax and Lord Westmorland are acting in a little duologue.

Lord and Lady Burton have a shooting party at Rangemore this week. Their guests include Lord and Lady Howe, Lord and Lady Brougham and Miss Brougham, Lord and Lady Rossmore, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, Lord Lovat, Colonel Bromley Davenport, Mr. Holmes, and the Rev. C. Boden.

Mr. W. Low, who has taken some shooting near Welshpool, is entertaining a party next week, including Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Chapman, Miss Hartopp, Mr. Courtney Morgan, Mr. Henry Callander, and Mr. E. Oakley.

A Great Traveller.

Sir Edmund Lechmere's forthcoming tour, westward from Mombasa, will in reality be of shorter duration than his three expeditions into Somaliland, or the White Nile journey of two years ago. Lady Lechmere takes no active part in the shooting, but being possessed of great presence of mind, calm judgement, and observation, and a truthful chronicler of their experiences, she is a valuable companion during the vicissitudes of African travel. One English servant only, an extra marksman in a Scotch regiment, attends them, and on this occasion the caravan is to meet them at Nairobi, whence they intend to limit their desert life within three days' march from the Uganda railway.

A Family Party.

Lord and Lady Carlisle have quite a family party staying with them this week, Mr. Michael Howard, from Berlin, their daughter, Lady Cecilia Roberts, Mr. Roberts, and several others. Lord Carlisle is leaving for Egypt almost directly, and will be accompanied by his youngest daughter, Lady Aurea Howard. Lady Dorothy is at Gilton until next spring, when it is hoped that these really charming and beautiful girls will become better known to London society.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY BALL.

This gathering, which is always looked forward to as a great social event, proved a brilliant success on Wednesday night. Lord and Lady Lichfield entertained a large house-party at Shugborough for the occasion, whom they took with them to the ball. Lady Lichfield wore a magnificent diamond coronet, and her crêpe de Chine gown was greatly admired. Amongst her guests were—Lady Dartmouth, in a lovely silver-grey frock, and wearing a diamond tiara. Lady Powerscourt looked distinguished in black velvet, and a striking costume of yellow panne was worn by Lady Harrowby, with a beautiful diamond tiara and necklace. Lord and Lady Hatherton brought a large party from Teddesley Park, including their two unmarried daughters and Lord Henry Seymour. Amongst others present were—Sir Hill Child, Sir Thomas Salt, Lady Anson, Lady Joan Legge, Lord Dunsany, Lord Cranley, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Littleton.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

"It is joy to think the best we can of human kind."—Wordsworth.

Many happy returns to:—

The Dowager Lady Dela-	Lord Rosmead.
Lady Tullibardine.	Sir John Williams.
Miss Olive Wiggall.	Sir Frederick Carden.

Lady Tullibardine is a daughter of Sir James and Lady Ramsay, of Bamff.

She was married to the Duke of Atholl's eldest son in 1830, and during the South African war, whilst her husband was on active service, lived with his parents.

She and her husband have just settled into their own home, Dunkeld Lodge.

Sir John Williams, who has now practically retired from the medical profession of which he was for years so distinguished a member, is almost to a day one year older than the King.

He is an old and valued friend of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and more recently of the Princess of Wales.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports by telegram from our special correspondents at foreign winter resorts.

Cairo.—Clear, with cooler prospects; temperature 8 a.m., 64; 2 p.m., 78.

Cannes.—Cloudless and calm; settled prospects maximum temperature, 69.

Naples.—Brilliant morning; cloudy later; maximum temperature, 69; minimum, 58.

Nice.—Cloudless sky; calm; maximum temperature, 44; minimum, 66.

San Remo.—Brilliant sunshine; temperature 10 a.m., 78.

AMUSEMENTS.

AVENUE THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.
Messrs. SHUBERT will present the new Comic Opera,
DOLLY VARDEN.
By Stanislas Stancu, Music by Julian Edwards.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. **COUSIN KATE.**
TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Preeceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. **MR. TREE.**
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD III.

MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—**HIS MAJESTY'S.**

IMPERIAL THEATRE.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY. 2.30.
Box-office open 10 till 10. **IMPERIAL.**

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.
Mr. J. H. LEIGH will give
Representations of the following Play,
THE TEMPEST.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. Send further notice.
MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30.
Sir Arthur Sullivan's Music, with full Orchestra.
Sponsored by H. Potts.

Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 5,024 Westminster.
Special Reductions for Schools.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAM AND WALKER.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15.
The only real cake walk.

WILLIAM AND WALKER.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15.
NIGHTLY, 8.15.

STRAND THEATRE.
Mr. Francis Curzon, Proprietor and Manager.
A CHINESE BOY. TO-NIGHT, at 8 o'clock.
Established 4th, MCMLII.

By George Hance, Musical Director.
84th PERFORMANCE TO-DAY.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY,
at 2.15.

**MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AU-
TUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, LYCEUM THEATRE,
EDINBURGH.** For full particulars, see programme, which
will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S at the end of January.

**HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,
RITZ.**
15, PLACE VENDÔME,
PARIS.

The Hotel Ritz is the most complete hotel in Europe.
The Restaurant Ritz is the "rendezvous" of the
"Elite" of the Parisian and Foreign Society.

168. 6d.—UNQUALIFIED IN LONDON.
INLAND MILK CO., LTD., 105, Pancrasset, N.W., and Somers Town High Level, N.W.
Infants, 18.00; 20.00; 22.00; 24.00; 26.00; 28.00; 30.00; 32.00; 34.00; 36.00; 38.00; 40.00; 42.00; 44.00; 46.00; 48.00; 50.00; 52.00; 54.00; 56.00; 58.00; 60.00; 62.00; 64.00; 66.00; 68.00; 70.00; 72.00; 74.00; 76.00; 78.00; 80.00; 82.00; 84.00; 86.00; 88.00; 90.00; 92.00; 94.00; 96.00; 98.00; 100.00; 102.00; 104.00; 106.00; 108.00; 110.00; 112.00; 114.00; 116.00; 118.00; 120.00; 122.00; 124.00; 126.00; 128.00; 130.00; 132.00; 134.00; 136.00; 138.00; 140.00; 142.00; 144.00; 146.00; 148.00; 150.00; 152.00; 154.00; 156.00; 158.00; 160.00; 162.00; 164.00; 166.00; 168.00; 170.00; 172.00; 174.00; 176.00; 178.00; 180.00; 182.00; 184.00; 186.00; 188.00; 190.00; 192.00; 194.00; 196.00; 198.00; 200.00; 202.00; 204.00; 206.00; 208.00; 210.00; 212.00; 214.00; 216.00; 218.00; 220.00; 222.00; 224.00; 226.00; 228.00; 230.00; 232.00; 234.00; 236.00; 238.00; 240.00; 242.00; 244.00; 246.00; 248.00; 250.00; 252.00; 254.00; 256.00; 258.00; 260.00; 262.00; 264.00; 266.00; 268.00; 270.00; 272.00; 274.00; 276.00; 278.00; 280.00; 282.00; 284.00; 286.00; 288.00; 290.00; 292.00; 294.00; 296.00; 298.00; 300.00; 302.00; 304.00; 306.00; 308.00; 310.00; 312.00; 314.00; 316.00; 318.00; 320.00; 322.00; 324.00; 326.00; 328.00; 330.00; 332.00; 334.00; 336.00; 338.00; 340.00; 342.00; 344.00; 346.00; 348.00; 350.00; 352.00; 354.00; 356.00; 358.00; 360.00; 362.00; 364.00; 366.00; 368.00; 370.00; 372.00; 374.00; 376.00; 378.00; 380.00; 382.00; 384.00; 386.00; 388.00; 390.00; 392.00; 394.00; 396.00; 398.00; 400.00; 402.00; 404.00; 406.00; 408.00; 410.00; 412.00; 414.00; 416.00; 418.00; 420.00; 422.00; 424.00; 426.00; 428.00; 430.00; 432.00; 434.00; 436.00; 438.00; 440.00; 442.00; 444.00; 446.00; 448.00; 450.00; 452.00; 454.00; 456.00; 458.00; 460.00; 462.00; 464.00; 466.00; 468.00; 470.00; 472.00; 474.00; 476.00; 478.00; 480.00; 482.00; 484.00; 486.00; 488.00; 490.00; 492.00; 494.00; 496.00; 498.00; 500.00; 502.00; 504.00; 506.00; 508.00; 510.00; 512.00; 514.00; 516.00; 518.00; 520.00; 522.00; 524.00; 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1920.00; 1922.00; 1924.00; 1926.00; 1928.00; 1930.00; 1932.00; 1934.00; 1936.00; 1938.00; 1940.00; 1942.00; 1944.00; 1946.00; 1948.00; 1950.00; 1952.00; 1954.00; 1956.00; 1958.00; 1960.00; 1962.00; 1964.00; 1966.00; 1968.00; 1970.00; 1972.00; 1974.00; 1976.00; 1978.00; 1980.00; 1982.00; 1984.00; 1986.00; 1988.00; 1990.00; 1992.00; 1994.00; 1996.00; 1998.00; 2000.00; 2002.00; 2004.00; 2006.00; 2008.00; 2010.00; 2012.00; 2014.00; 2016.00; 2018.00; 2020.00; 2022.00; 2024.00; 2026.00; 2028.00; 2030.00; 2032.00; 2034.00; 2036.00; 2038.00; 2040.00; 2042.00; 2044.00; 2046.00; 2048.00; 2050.00; 2052.00; 2054.00; 2056.00; 2058.00; 2060.00; 2062.00; 2064.00; 2066.00; 2068.00; 2070.00; 2072.00; 2074.00; 2076.00; 2078.00; 2080.00; 2082.00; 2084.00; 2086.00; 2088.00; 2090.00; 2092.00; 2094.00; 2096.00; 2098.00; 2100.00; 2102.00; 2104.00; 2106.00; 2108.00; 2110.00; 2112.00; 2114.00; 2116.00; 2118.00; 2120.00; 2122.00; 2124.00; 2126.00; 2128.00; 2130.00; 2132.00; 2134.00; 2136.00; 2138.00; 2140.00; 2142.00; 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THE HOUR - GLASS OF FASHION

LE DERNIER CRI.

THE QUEST OF THE ELEGANT.

THE wave of superabundance of trimming has passed over for the time. Gowns for afternoon wear are made of either chiffon, velvet or of cloth, and constructed in such a manner that the form makes an ornamentation in itself; almost the only additional adornment which is allowed being the exquisite and still popular embroideries on cuffs, vest, and collar of cloth garments. And among the gowns for smart functions two styles vie with each other for the first place in popular favour. One is a robe of mousseline velvet, the skirt gently gathered into the waist and made with a very deep flounce. The bodice is of the bolero order, slightly piped or

gathered, and having very full, puffed, elbow sleeves with deep double underfrills of lace.

A Graceful Skirt.

The other, and perhaps the more elegant, if less luxurious mode, is a cloth skirt in some very pale shade, pleated or box-pleated the whole length. The depth to which the pleats are stitched down over the hips depends on the figure of the wearer and its special requirements. A slight figure should have them stitched only a little distance and then allowed to flow out in becoming fulness, whereas it is more suitable to *embonpoint* to have them machined flat to a much greater depth. This is, in fact, a skirt which can be made most conveniently either to take off from, or to add to, the circumference. It has, in consequence, quite outdone the accordion pleating which it somewhat resembles in effect, though it is even more graceful, possessing at the same time the immense advantage for the woman who walks, as so many women do nowadays, that it is quite easy to hold up, and that is more than can be said for the accordion skirts.

Two Smart Gowns.

A very delightful example of these pleated dresses beheld lately was in cream cloth with

an Eton coat, having a delicious touch of mignonette green in the embroideries of a narrow vest, which revealed a cream lace under-bodice. The green reappeared in a deep suede belt, and in a torpedo toque. Worn with this was a beautiful set of sables conducting to a most elegant *tout-ensemble*. Another striking creation was in palest smoke-grey cloth with a short coat of chinchilla, having a deep cape inlet with Irish guipure; and round the pleated skirt, at intervals near the edge, was appliqué the whole skin of a chinchilla in its natural shape.

The Fashionable Shade.

Although we are somewhat limited with regard to materials, face cloth and mousseline velvet being practically the only two permitted, we are allowed a fairly wide and particularly good choice of colours. English complexions being taken into consideration, one is glad that greys and the champagne shades remain pre-eminent at all smart functions. Brown is worn, but it is a colour which only looks really smart when it is not worn, an Irishism intended to imply that when it is the only gown of its colour in an assemblage, or when having been out of fashion for some time it suddenly appears

among us, its individuality or its novelty imbues it with a certain style. In the usual way it needs a very smart woman to look smart in brown. Another colour that is worn a good deal, though it fails of smartness, is leaf green. But what may be called the colour of the season is red, a regular, beautiful, warm crimson. It was seen on a very pretty dark girl at the opening of Prince's Skating Rink. The gown was of cloth, the skirt eased into the waist, and deeply flounced. The bolero bodice opened over a lace front. Under the chin was a big, white tulle bow, and the head-gear a white moufflon, pill-box shape, with a piquante cluster of ostrich tips to the left side. Altogether, a most charming study in red and white. But one word as to the wearing of red. Only the woman with conspicuously bright lips should challenge the contrast of a crimson gown. And, as a rule, red tones better with the colouring of a brunette, and scarlet with that of a blonde.



"MANTEAU DE SOIR."

Silver grey "Liberty" with stole and hem of ermine. Lining of brocaded taffetas, showing grey poppies, tipped with silver, on a faint lemon-yellow ground. Pleated frill of black crepe de chine, encrusted with Chantilly over shoulders and on inside of loose fronts; full frills of crepe de chine lining, wide sleeves and large agrafes of silver filigree and paste on front of manteau.



SMART DARK CLOTH WALKING DRESS.

Costume of châtaine Indian cashmere; the skirt quite plain and pleated at the waist. The upper part of the bodice shows bands of Indian embroidery—dull blue silks on a white ground; the rolls of cashmere which divide the strips of embroidery are slightly padded, and they terminate in tassels of dark châtaine chenille. Stole and muff of ermine.



THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Furnishing the Hall.

A GOOD entrance to a house is most important, and much should be sacrificed to obtain it, even to giving up a room, and as there are usually two rooms on the ground floor, one may be thrown into the passage by taking down the wall—the front room, if possible, as the hall looks handsome when the door is opened. But should the room behind not be large enough for a dining-room, make that the hall, and turn the last six or seven stairs into the hall, making a small landing where they turn.

Furnish it as a sitting-room, to take the place of the one given up, and it can be used as a smoking-room if required.

Let the decorations be light or dark, according to its aspect. Suggestions for both may be found useful. If a dark hall let the paint be white, and have a good white or cream striped paper, which always looks well, especially when prints are hung on it; and, instead of a dado, have a wooden shelf about a foot wide put up all round as a dado rail, with shelves underneath for china and books, and let it be painted white.

This shelf is most fascinating to stand china and brasses on, and is extremely decorative as well as useful.

Cosy and Comfortable.

Furnish with mahogany, which always looks well against a white background. A comfortable grandfather chair, a table for papers and books, and, if there is room, a small sofa to make it cosy and comfortable, and the hall is complete.

It is a good plan to have a brass rod fixed across where the wall has been taken down, and a pair of warm curtains hung so that they can be drawn on a chilly evening. Chintz with a good bright colouring would look well to cover the furniture in this hall, also for the window curtains, as it lends brightness and light to it. There should be a polished floor and rugs. No hall ever looks as well with a carpet.

A scheme for decorating and furnishing a large hall that has plenty of light should be dark, the paint-work being the colour of dark oak, and the walls a real red, either paper or

canvas. Furnish with oak. An old dresser always looks quaint, especially so when covered with old china, pewter, and brass; too much cannot be said in praise of old brass, which brightens up the dark furniture.

An oak writing table, also a chest, which is a lovely receptacle for books, magazines, etc., may be added. There are charming oak chairs to be bought, and these should be covered with a red rep or moreen. The window curtains should match. One of those nice club fenders, with a cushion seat, made in brass quite plain, would look well, or what is even more charming, have an open fire-place, with old iron dogs, and burn wood. What is more delicious than the lovely odour of burnt wood pervading the house?

Lacquer Cabinets.

The lights should be old-fashioned, in wrought iron, with quaint glass in them, but always have two small standard lamps to carry about to write or read with as required.

Again, you may be the happy possessor of old lacquer cabinets, Oriental china and bronzes; these well arranged will make a perfect hall; and for decoration choose one of the reproductions of old Japanese or Chinese wall papers; bold designs of trees, birds, and flowers on a pale green ground. This is lovely.

There are charming designs just introduced consisting of dwarf Japanese trees, yews and bamboos, also the flowering cherry trees; these are stencilled on a coarse cream paper to fit any wall, and as they are reproduced in their natural colourings in their pots and stands they would look well hung from a dado shelf as already described, and the pots would have the effect of standing on the shelf. To complete this decoration, there should be a frieze rail and a plain green frieze. Nothing but Oriental things must go in a hall of this description.

Then another suggestion that will appeal to anyone who has travelled in the East, and collected beautiful old Persian rugs, is to hang them on the walls instead of paper; this produces an absolutely Eastern effect—rugs on the floor, chairs and divans covered with saddlebags, Persian hangings, Persian china

and brasses, some of these latter fitted with electric light maintain the character of the room; but a scheme of this kind is more suitable for the country, as in town it would harbour dust; also space and light are required to do justice to these beautiful hangings.

Another vexed question in small houses is the half-landing between the ground floor and the drawing-room; here, again, aim at light and air, let the window be as large as possible, and make this landing bright with flowers and plants, and if there is room a small cabinet or table for china.

Too much cannot be said in favour of flowers and plants in a house, bringing us as they do delicious "whiffs" of the country that cheer one through the foggiest of days, and help to provide a welcome to one's friends.

There is something distinctly wanting in people who do not care for flowers, just as there is in those who dislike children and dogs.

GOLD-BRAIDED DINNER-TABLES.

THERE is no doubt," once admitted a poor lady, "that nothing gives such a finishing touch to a story as its point!"

She had probably just told an anecdote, lacking that invaluable adjunct, in the presence of her husband, with the result familiar to the married. However that may be, she was undeniably right. And, in the same way, that woman is right who values the finishing touch in the decoration of her table and her toilette.

Anyone who visited Paris this autumn—anyone, especially, who attended the race meetings—must have noticed one pretty fashion which prevailed. Every woman who suggested "smartness" carried a bouquet of violets in her hand, no matter what her costume. They were not formally made-up, but simply bunched together, as one may buy them at a street corner. That is a finishing touch very easy of attainment, even in London. For violets, except for their fragrance, resemble the poor—we have them always with us.

Another fleeting fashion is the passion for gold braid. In Paris one sees it everywhere. It is not only on dresses, but introduced into every floral scheme. A dinner-table blazing with the gold of mimosa, relieved with parma violets in their softest shades, has golden plaited braid round every spray, the ends handsomely tasselled. A chrysanthemum scheme in yellow looks very well with this ubiquitous gold braid. You see it again twisted among garlands of smilax. The

menu cards have a tiny bow of it at one corner, finished with dainty small tassels. The little sheaves of fancy bread are tied with it. So are the candle-shades and the shades of the electric lights. It is everywhere.

A chaster decoration that has unquestionable charm and is always in excellent taste is a silver boat-shaped basket, filled with lilies of the valley and tied with silver gauze ribbon. It suggests simplicity and purity, fit for the birthday of an ingénue or the wedding of a debutante. There would be a certain irony in the use of it at a *mariage de convenance* where both the high contracting parties were "past their meridian."

Another description shall be of a somewhat daring combination of colour, which is being widely used. It sounds startling; but the effect is more than artistic. Imagine a bouquet of deep pink heath, parma violets, and lilies of the valley, with chiffon or tulle of the very palest blue peeping from among the flowers, and falling in streamers which have a blossom or two fastened at their ends. Nothing could be more effective. One may trust the Parisienne for that! This country is always a little shy of innovations—floral, as well as fiscal! But we learn in the end how impossibly light and graceful, in the mid-Victorian days, would the decoration of the Albert Hall have appeared, as it was on the night of the London Hospital Ball! Our Christmas churches are emerging from the flat holly-leaf and alum stage, our tables from the "strip and epergne" idea, and our bouquets are showers and not clumps. There is some hope for London yet.

A further decoration, unique and fanciful, is the bridge design. From end to end of the table stretches a light wire bridge, representing a vineyard. Delicate small bunches of grapes, both purple and white, hang from its inner roof, and among them gleam tiny electric lamps in soft pink shades. The bridge is supported by columns, at the base of which stand up roses of a bright, decided pink, giving the effect of real growth. Sprays of well-grown rose foliage, choice in colour and kind, are strewn about the table; and here and there, among them a rose may lift its head. If sweet-briar can be got and mixed in among the foliage, so much the better. The whole combination of fruit and flowers is so indescribably charming that no hostess need be afraid of the verdict. "Quite beautiful" will be the pronouncement of every dining mouth. And think of the meeting of eyes under the pretty roof—the chance touch of hands busy with the little silver scissors at dessert-time—for those who have the heart to do so may demolish the vineyard.

Your attention is directed to the remarkable novel *en feuilleton*, and which appears on page 13.



Jim Dumps' small children liked to play
At "having parties" every day;
And so the merry little brood
Had milk for tea and "Force" for food.
"Twill keep the little folks in trim;
What helpful play!" cried "Cunny Jim."

"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

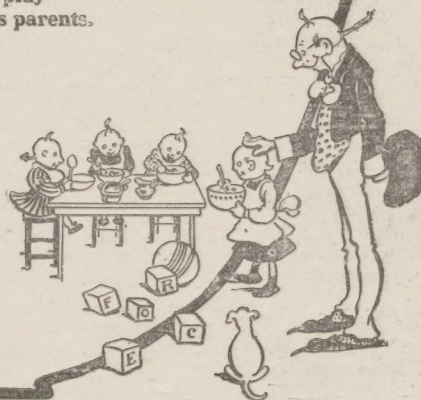
makes a play
which pleases parents.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt.

Valuable Food for Children.

"I have recommended it to at least fifteen of my friends and all have had good results and praise 'Force' as a valuable food, not only for children, but for the old as well. I use one package a day. I have four children and they all love it. So do I."

"MRS. J. LINDLEY KEENE."



You don't have to cook it—
because it's ready to eat.

Per packet

6^d.

OF ALL GROCERS.

Home Tailoring: Practical Dress Notes.

HOME TAILORING.

A PRACTICAL DESIGN FOR A COAT AND SKIRT.

THIS exceedingly stylish little costume revives the always acceptable long-basqued Russian coat, than which nothing more successfully becomes the shapely figure. It is a particularly delightful vogue for the present-day tweeds, rough friezes, chevrons, or plain cloth, the broad band defining front and neck of coat of some contrasting cloth, embroidered or braided, fancy galon, or one of the shorter-haired furs, such as caracul or mouskin.

The idea would be particularly neat worked out in a rough black frieze, the trimming an embroidered galon with just a suspicion of

WINTER WARNINGS.

HINTS THAT SAVE THE POCKET.

"Stay in when it rains," says the idle woman scornfully, "then you will not spoil your clothes." But there are many who are forced to face the elements in their varying moods, obliged always to look well dressed.

For them the question of keeping their clothes, if not in pristine freshness, at least in a condition of good preservation, is of prime importance.

Furs that have been in the rain should never be put by the fire. They should be shaken and again shaken, and then hung on the back of a chair or on one of those attractive holders to be found in every foreigner's wardrobe, that

be found in the quilted lining, but not in the fur; they do not like the smell.

A Capital Wrinkle.

As for wet weather millinery the elementary rule is: avoid feathers. Yet when worn, as they must be sometimes, when King Sol refuses to appear at a function, they can be brought to their youthful vigour by shaking them with discrimination before a fire of glowing embers into which a handful of salt has been thrown.

Chiffon, unlike net or tulle, is excellent, if somewhat inappropriate, wear in winter. It seems to absorb water like moss, and can go on and on again until black turns brown and green drab, and the wearer's friends cry out in weariness at the sight of it.

Almost every kind of hat of straw or felt may be brought back to its original form

known. Head, hands, heels, and skirts, these are the points of betrayal or praise.

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

VICTORY, 162, REGENT-STREET.

Can anything be more fascinating than a piquant face nestling and half hidden in rich fur, or more imposing than a stately form draped with an ample and luxurious wrap of sealskin or sable? How intensely interesting, therefore, to most of us are the pronouncements of such a well-known expert and leader of fashion in furs as Victory, of Regent-street.

They say, "It becomes year by year more the ambition of every woman to possess the skins of the rare and indescribably beautiful Russian sable made up into cosy granny muffs, ties reaching to the waist, and ornamented with heads and tails, long and grace-



This tasteful dressing shows the new large Art Nouveau Clasp of dull gold, set with turquoise, a narrow, twisted sword of pale blue velvet surrounding the dressing, caught at the left side by an upstanding spray of gold leaves and silver berries.

orange in the colouring, defined at either edge by the merest finger depth of dark fur. And thus there stands complete the useful knockabout frock that few women can afford to despise, and least of all her who has need to make one possession meet various exigencies.

The sketch reveals at once that the basque is an added feature, which the home worker will at once perceive considerably simplifies both construction and making.

The approximate quantity of double width material to allow is 6½ yards, trimming 2½. Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 7½d.



No. 2. PRACTICAL DESIGN FOR A COAT AND SKIRT.



Essentially for visiting or restaurant wear is this picture hat of black velvet, the crown completely hidden by a cluster of upright black satin quillings, set on beneath a band of gold galon. A lovely white Magrador plume sweeps over the left side of the brim.

simulate the shoulders of military men. Everyone studies the art of keeping furs in summer. No one seems to think they need care during the season in which they are being worn. The secret of everlasting life in fur is to keep it as free as possible from all contact, even from itself. It should be wiped down carefully after an outing with a cloth or tissue paper—a necessary precaution after a fog—and then shaken.

If the fur, whether coat or cape or stole, cannot be hung in stately isolation, then it should be put carefully on a shelf with tissue paper under and over it and between each fold of fur.

This care is particularly desirable for sealskin. The little wormlike coils often found in these skins are the result of crushing.

They are not moths, though they are frequently supposed to be. Strange as it may seem, it is an established fact among furriers that moths never take to sealskin—they may

after a downpour by the judicious application of a hot iron in association with a damp cloth. But the operation is a delicate one. In the hands of an expert the manipulation of the crown over the corner of the table is a process fraught with fascination to watch.

The Use of the "Little Tailor."

Not only with hats does the hot iron play the part of good fairy. It works wonders with sorry garments, and the "little tailor" whose attractions have long been known to husband and brother, has yet to be exploited as a doer of good deeds to womankind of small resources. A crumpled skirt, if tailor pressed, will come home approximately new.

Some economists have their rough weather skirts faced with leather or mackintosh, but such adornment is scarcely suitable for busy town wear when style is essential, no matter what kind the day.

By a woman's extremities she shall be

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the patterns or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.



The fashion of the new narrow coiled back is illustrated, accentuated by a fancy comb, the high-dressed toupee centred by a conventional floral effect of black dimante gauze.

ful stoles and pelerines, the smart bolero so much affected by the leading ladies of fashion, and coats reaching to the ground, at prices to be paid only by those whose dress allowances are practically unlimited.

Space forbids us to do more than mention that the rich, soft fur of the seal, which is so useful and becoming, has regained the place it held so long with the leaders of fashion. That the chinchilla, whose pearly greys appeal to the most refined, and which is becoming rarer and dearer every year, is still greatly in favour. Ermine holds its own, and for muffs and stoles an evening wraps is admirable.



A DRESSY LITTLE SLIP.

Arranged in emerald green crepe de chine, with yoke empiement of the new ochre coloured lace, decked down the front with groups of tiny black silk butter



THE STILL-ROOM.

VERY delicate and dainty are the arts of the still-room. In this cool and orderly retreat the gentlewoman of old distilled her perfumes from the flowers culled from her garden; she dried and rubbed the herbs of summer for use in winter; she concocted pleasant, old-fashioned simples for the every-day ailments of life, and prepared wholesome and harmless washes for the complexion, the hair, and the hands.

Here were devised and stored, if not actually made, pickles, jams, jellies, marmalades, and wines from the fruit of her garden; the rows of jars and bottles neatly covered and labelled were the pride of her well-ordered mind, and the idea of buying instead of making any of these things seemed to her little less than a crime.

Dainty Apparatus.

The still-room of to-day may well be in advance of those of a hundred years ago, for in utensils at least we have mightily progressed. Instead of stills of Tin or of sweet Earth, as the old book says, you can have a charming apparatus of Bohemian glass—slender test-tubes, graceful measuring glasses, bottles airily blown of fine glass to heat your liquids in. A Bunsen burner and a tripod to hold your bottle in place above it are the modern substitutes for the coal fires, and you may do all your distilling without soiling a finger if you choose.

Distillation is an art that may readily be learned in one or two lessons from a practical chemist, and endless are the delightful things that may be made by the process. Every flower and herb in the garden may yield its flavour and perfume to your keeping. Even without a still, however, many very interesting things can be made. Jam-making (all save that of apples) is over, and the days of orange marmalade are not yet, and in this intermediate season it might interest the up-to-date housewife to make some things that would give a finer flavour to her sweets and her savouries.

Of the ordinary "essences" one buys in grocers' the essence of lemon is made from the natural oil of lemon, which comes over from Sicily in quaint little copper pots, but the essence of vanilla is mostly artificial. It is made from vaniline crystals (a chemical compound) and coloured with caramel. Every housewife knows how essence of vanilla varies in strength and flavour, and yet the natural essence is the simplest thing in the world to make.

Home-made Essence.

Procure a small quantity of vanilla pods, crush them and place them in a bottle. Take some rectified spirit and reduce its strength by adding to every five parts of spirit three parts of water. Use four fluid ounces of the spirit thus weakened to one of vanilla pods, pour it over the pods, fasten the bottle securely, let it stand for a fortnight, and then filter through blotting paper. Then you have for your own use an admirable essence of fine flavour and great strength.

A few drops of it suffice for a sweet of ordinary size. With this essence you may go on to make a vanilla liqueur. Dissolve 4 oz. of sugar in 10 oz. of water, and add 4 oz. of rectified spirit, thirty-five drops of essence of vanilla, and 140 drops of essence of balsam

of Peru. Colour the liqueur with crushed elderberries and blackberries. Let it stand a few days and then filter through blotting-paper.

The essence of balsam of Peru you can prepare yourself by dissolving one part of balsam in fourteen of rectified spirit. It is an essence resembling vanilla, and used in cheap confectionery as a substitute for it.

Apples may be obtained all through the winter, and for households who like a home-made preserve they are an admirable standby. Apples for jam must be pared, cored and sliced small, and cooked with an equal quantity of sugar until the whole is a smooth even pulp. A slight flavouring of really good cinnamon gives to the preserve a delicate and agreeable taste.

£100,000 FOR READERS

OF THE "DAILY MIRROR."

A GREAT CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The cost of the establishment of the new London morning journal is estimated at between £250,000 and £300,000.

In order to attain the success desired by those responsible for the *Daily Mirror*, it has been decided to expend a large proportion of the capital involved in entirely novel methods, by which the readers and private advertisers will co-operate in founding the journal, and will receive in return large sums of money, which will be divided among them.

CHAPTER I.

The first chapter of our scheme is a simple one. It will, we think, result in practical suggestions for the benefit of our journal. Briefly, it is as follows:—

£500 FOR A POSTCARD.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present our first

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - - £500.

For the Second Best - - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate chairs for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, CARNARVON-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

CHAPTER II.

Prizes for Private Advertisers.

The private advertiser is the backbone of such a newspaper. It is said in the newspaper world that he is the last to come to a newspaper and the last to go. In obtaining of these advertisements, as a rule, requires years of patient and expensive canvassing and circularising. We propose to spend little on canvassing and circularising, but to divide large sums in cash and in kind among the private advertisers themselves. Every private advertiser will receive a gift, until further notice, and an office has been opened in New Bond-street, the address of which we shall publish this week for the receipt of the advertisements and the presentation of the gifts. No private advertisements will be accepted until the preliminary rush for the *Daily Mirror* has settled down into a permanent and steady circulation that will bring to every advertiser an abundance of replies.

By "private advertisements" we mean those announcing:—

Houses to Let or Wanted,
Plots to be Let or Wanted,
Apartments to be Let or Wanted,
Secretaries Wanted,
Governesses Wanted,
Housekeepers Wanted,
Butlers Wanted,
and all requiring servants, or servants wanting places, as well as various miscellaneous wants.

Valets Wanted,
Cookes Wanted,
Housemaids Wanted,
Footmen Wanted,
General Servants Wanted,
Coachmen Wanted,
Grooms Wanted,
Chauffeurs Wanted,
and all requiring servants, or servants wanting places, as well as various miscellaneous wants.

THE DAILY TIME SAVER.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale. Asterisks in the list called "A Choice of Dishes" indicate those dishes of which recipes are given.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Wednesday evening.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 5.—MOUSSE DE JAMBON.

By M. ESCOFFIER, of the Carlton Hotel.

Well pound in a mortar one pound of cooked lean ham, with a little cream, to ease the pounding, and pass through a hair sieve. Melt in a stew pan a quarter of good aspic jelly, add the pounded ham, and keep whipping until a light paste is obtained, season with pepper and nutmeg, and colour with a little cochineal, and before the mixture gets too cold and set, mix to it one pound of whipped cream.

Lay round inside a silver timbal a strip of white paper, standing one inch over the edge, fill in the mixture, and keep on ice until quite set. Design the surface with truffles, pour over a little aspic jelly, and remove the paper before serving.



SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 1.—EGGS A LA REGENCE.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a large tomato for each person. A round of hot buttered toast for each half tomato. One tablespoonful of milk or cream. One tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Butter, salt, and pepper. Three eggs.

Wipe, stalk and halve the tomatoes, and remove the cores carefully. Put the tomatoes on a tin and bake them till just tender, but not broken, in a hot oven. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a stewpan, beat up the eggs, add to them the milk and parsley, and season carefully with salt and pepper. When the butter is hot pour in the egg mixture, stir it over a slow fire till it is soft and creamy, and just set lightly.

Put a half tomato on each round of toast. Put a heap of the egg mixture in the middle of each tomato, and serve immediately. Have the toast thin, crisp, without crust and well buttered. Cost, 1s.

No. 2.—GREENOCK SCONES.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of flour, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, one-and-a-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and a pinch of salt, one ounce of butter, one ounce of lard, tallow or suet.

Sieve together the flour, sugar, salt, baking powder, and carbonate of soda. Next rub in them finely the butter and lard, and add enough tallow to form the ingredients into a soft but not sticky dough. Turn the dough on to a floured board. Roll it out about an eighth of an inch thick, then stamp out with a plain cutter rounds about the size of the top of a claret glass. Place these rounds of dough on a greased tin, and bake them in a quick oven about ten minutes. Cost 6d.

No. 3.—CONSOMME A LA COLBERT.

INGREDIENTS.—One quart of clear soup. One or two carrots. One or two turnips, according to size. One cucumber. One half of cooked peas. A few sprigs of tarragon and chervil. Poached eggs, one for each guest.

Wash and prepare the carrots, turnips and cucumber. Cut them carefully into small balls with a round vegetable-cutter, using the red part only of the carrots.

Put enough vegetables to fill a half-pint measure with each kind. Cook each separately in boiling salted water until they are soft, but not broken. Drain off the water, and put the cooked vegetables all together with the peas. Pick off tiny sprigs of fresh chervil, and shred a few leaves of tarragon, add a half teaspoonful of each. Throw these sprigs, for about two minutes, into boiling water, to blanch them. Put the soup into a clean pan. Let it boil. See it is well seasoned with salt and pepper, add the vegetables and herbs, reheat the soup for a few minutes, and pour it gently into a hot tureen.

Serve the poached eggs, either slipped into the soup-plate at the last minute or handed separately. Cost, 2s. 6d.

No. 4.—EPERLANS EN BROCHETTES.

INGREDIENTS.—A dozen smelts, one egg, bread crumbs, salt and pepper, frying fat. Wash and dry the fish well. Brush them over with beaten egg, and cover them with fine white bread crumbs. Curl each smelt up neatly, keeping it in position with a small skewer. Have the pan of frying fat ready; when a faint blue smoke rises from it, put the fish into the frying basket, and plunge it into the fat. Fry the fish a delicate golden brown. Arrange the smelts on a lace paper, garnish them with fried parsley and neat slices of lemon. Cost, 1s. 3d.

No. 5.—CROUTES DE SAUMON FUME.

INGREDIENTS.—Croûtes of bread, about six ounces of smoked salmon, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, a teaspoonful of each of chopped parsley, tarragon, and chervil, vinegar and salad oil, pepper and salt.

From slices of stale bread stamp out oval shapes with a cutter. Fry these a golden brown in butter. Keep them hot. Mix the yolks of the eggs with the parsley, tarragon and chervil, adding some oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste.

Spread the croûtes thickly with this mixture. Put a neatly shaped piece of salmon on the top of each. Reheat the croûtes and serve garnished with sprigs of fresh parsley. Cost, 1s. 2d.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Barbel. Brill. Cod (very good). Crabs. Dories (prime). Halibut. Herrings. Oysters. Prawns. Dutch Salmon. Smelts. Turbot. Whiting.
Poultry and Game.
Chickens. Ducks. Geese. Grouse. Hares (excellent). Moor Game. Pigeons. Plovers. Rabbits. Wild Ducks. Woodcock. Teal. Snipe. Turkeys.

Meat.
Beef. Mutton. Pork. Veal. Doe Venison.
Vegetables.
Broccoli. Brussel Sprouts. Cabbages. Cauliflowers. Celery. Chervil. Beetroot. Endive. Leeks. Artichokes. Onions. Tomatoes. Spinach.

FRUIT IN SEASON.
Apples. Bullaces. Grapes. Nuts. Medlars. Peas. Oranges. Italian Figs. Melons. Pineapples. Bananas.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.
Roses for the Table.
Large pale mauve Orchids with sprays of Asparagus Fern. Violets with their foliage. Lilies of the Valley. Scarlet Geraniums. Plants and Cut Flowers for the House. Fern Halls. Pink Heath. Gladioli. Asters. Trails of Blackberry foliage.

A very good effect is obtained if in the corner of the table is arranged tall vases of White shaggy Chrysanthemums, white here and there are placed low specimen glasses containing Scarlet Geraniums, with sprays of Smilax or Asparagus Fern placed lightly round the base of the vases.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

NEW BELTS.

HANDSOME MILITARY SASH BELT,

In plain or mixed colours, Swiss shape at back, fastening at side with stylish silk cord tassels,

2Is.

NEW SASH BELT,

Made with folded band of Black Glacé Silk, pointed at back, and full ends to match,

4s. 6d.

THE NEW RUCKING BELT,

In perfectly soft Leather, in White, Red, Green, Brown, Navy, Grey, and Black,

234 inches wide, 10s. 6d.

34 " " 14s. 6d.

THE POPULAR FRENCH BELT,

In Black Silk with Corded Design, Swiss shape at back and elastic sides,

6s. 6d.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE,

LIMITED,

Vere St. and Oxford St., W.

Poor Appetite, Languor.

"I had no Appetite, was very Low Spirited, and had no Energy whatever. I continually felt Tired, and acted all over. I took no interest in anything. I tried many medicines, but got no better until

Guy's Tonic

was recommended to me. Improvement followed the first dose, and I am now quite well. I can thoroughly recommend Guy's Tonic. It is splendid."

Guy's Tonic is the best of all Restoratives in Weakness and Debility. Thousands of people all parts of the World have proved this. Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists everywhere at 13/6d. per bottle. You are urged to give it a trial—it is never fails.

BISSELL'S

BISSELL'S Cyco-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are sold under the guarantee of the largest Carpet Sweeper Makers in the world—the pioneers of Carpet Sweeper improvement—the owners of every valid patent.

Sold by all good Grocers, Ironmongers, and Furnishers at 13/3, 14/9 & 17/3. Cheaper 15p per doz at 9/9 & 10/6. Beware! Carpet Sweepers are repaired by all Ironmongers and new parts always obtainable by return of post.

CYCO-BEARING CARPET SWEEPERS

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAPTAIN PHILIP CHESNEY.—A young officer who has been living outside his income.
MARTIA CHESNEY.—His wife.
SIR JOHN CHESNEY.—Captain Chesney's father. A man with a secret.
COLONEL JOSCELYN.—A man with a bad character socially, but a great soldier.
FATHER LYLE.—A Catholic priest and Sir John's father confessor.
DETOLD.—A man with millions and no morals. Captain Chesney's chief creditor.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

Although on the June day when the story opens, Martia and Captain Philip Chesney have been man and wife for three years, they are still lovers. Never a cloud has arisen to dim their long honeymoon; but ever in the background their debts have been increasing. Yet they have gone on playing in the sunshine, "leaving worries till to-morrow." It is while on a visit to Sir John Chesney, Captain Chesney's father, that matters reach a climax. Captain Chesney tells Martia that the crash has come; that he cannot meet his debts—not tradesmen's bills, but gaming debts. His chief creditor—one Detmold, a millionaire—has told Colonel Joscelyn, and the Colonel has hinted that it would be to the regiment's gain if Captain Chesney handed in his papers. Martia is distraught; but she is as a child in such affairs. She feels that it is her extravagance which has caused her husband's disgrace. He must not resign his commission; she will go and see Colonel Joscelyn. Her husband forbids her to do so. Colonel Joscelyn, he says, although a great soldier, is not the man any woman can ask a favour of. Then, cannot Sir John Chesney, "the pater," help? No; he must never know the reason of Philip's resignation, for the blow to the family honour would kill him.

That afternoon, while Captain Chesney "stays at home to think," Martia goes to an afternoon reception at a Mrs. Adeane's. She must keep up appearances for her husband's sake. She still feels that the only hope of escape lies through Colonel Joscelyn; but always her husband's words ring in her ears, "Not a man I should like any woman to ask a favour of."

The first person she sees at Mrs. Adeane's is Paul Joscelyn himself.

Her heart beats in her throat. Is it Fate? Martia goes up to him and asks him, prays him, to save her husband. Detmold is a friend of his, and he, Colonel Joscelyn, has but to say the word and her husband will have another chance. Carried away by her own pleading she promises to do anything in return.

Colonel Joscelyn says he will do what she asks if she will come to his rooms at ten o'clock that evening.

Martia goes for her husband's sake, but finds Detmold there alone. He makes love to her as a man lacking all moral sense, and she, half mad with fury, picks up a dagger and strikes. The next thing she knows is that Colonel Joscelyn has entered, and is leaning over Detmold. Even while the Colonel is telling her that Detmold is dead, his Indian servant announces that Captain Philip Chesney, Martia's husband, has called.

Colonel Joscelyn manages to send Captain Chesney away without betraying Martia's presence in his room. Then Martia goes on to Lady Leicester's ball, acting her part as though nothing had happened.

Meantime Philip has an interview with his father, Sir John Chesney, who tells him that he is not a Chesney, and that he, Sir John, stole the name from a comrade in Australia thirty-five years ago, and he now wishes to make public confession and reparation.

CHAPTER VII.

Continued.

A deep shadow swept over Sir John's face. He was sinking more and more into his chair; the strain of this confession was telling upon his feeble strength. His face had an ominous, transparent look, seen in the luminous circle cast by the lamp; his voice was growing faint. "When I first heard the story, as a boy," he said, "I thought my parents both traitors. Since, I have learned that I am not fit to be a father. My father was a clergyman who lost his faith and renounced his calling; my mother ran away from her husband, and after her divorce was pronounced, married him. I was their legal son. My father's name was brilliant man. He and my mother died on the same day, five years after my departure for Australia. They were both strong, lawless natures. I think they were unhappy people, but they worshipped each other; that is their excuse. They never cared for me; they reprimanded me for a moment, and I think they were very glad when I went away, after a violent quarrel over some trivial matter. I think I have always judged them too harshly. You,

Philip, in your great happiness, will have some pity for two people who thought the world well lost for love."

There was a softened look on the young man's face. It was a strange, a suggestive, and, in a way, a touching history.

"That is all I can tell you, Philip," added Sir John. "I had no other relatives that I knew of."

A silence fell between them. The old man's mind was plunged in memories; the young man's in a maze. It was incredible. Even now he could hardly believe it. His father, whom he had always revered as the possessor of all honourable virtues—the calm, cultured, studious man whom he had always seen in beautiful surroundings, whose domestic life had been an idyll, who had spent his manhood in the contemplation of beautiful things, and the amassing of them, as far as his means allowed; this erudite, highly-refined, and fastidious connoisseur was an impostor, a thief! He had stolen the name and place of his best friend; he had brazenly sat in his false place for thirty-five years. He had deceived not only the world, but the woman he worshipped, and he had willfully laid the blot on the name he had given to the son she bore to him. It meant that his father and himself, and, through him, Martia, and everything they did and said was nothing but one gigantic lie!

Even his thoughts were lies. A wave of anger surged through him, and he rose again and walked over to the window. He had been taught to revere his race—the Chesneys. They were fine, truthful, upright people; honourable in the present, bold and warlike in the past. He had been taught to take pride in their traditions; the blood had tingled in his veins when he heard stories of their courage; his heart had glowed with pride at some softer tale of self-denial and chivalry. But he had no right to these traditions; they were lies, as far as he was concerned; they were not his. He had no right to take pride in them; the very attitude of his mind, his whole view of life, was one incarnate lie.

He was not a Chesney at all. Not a drop of that heroic blood was in his veins. He was the son of a courtly impostor, the grandson of an apostate priest and of a woman who had deserted her husband for a lawless love.

Again the wild, rebellious cry rang through him—It cannot be true! His father's reason must be tottering; it was this new religious enthusiasm, this priestly influence that he hated. He had heard before of sensitive natures, caught up in a whirl of exaltation, inventing sins that they might, with fasting and denial and laceration, repent of them. The open door he caught points of light, gleaming, jewel-like, in the dark. They were the candles that burned on the altar in Sir John's little oratory. To Philip it was all foolery—the costly marbles, the exquisite pictures, the lights, the sweet scent of the flowers that Martia, gently tolerant, gathered from the garden each day to lay at the Virgin's feet. His filial gentleness was swallowed up once more in resentment, when he thought that perhaps already this odious secret had been wrested from his father by the priests.

The cool, moist smell of the newly-watered earth was wafted on the wings of a light breeze through the windows. To the young man it was intoxicating; it fevered his pulses, and made him think of all the good and gracious gifts of earth, of love, and the joys of the senses, of ambition, and the conquest of fame, for his was the stirring, pulsing life which in its splendour he felt youth. But, to the old man, sitting in the small circle of lamplight, frail and bowed, the strange fragrance of the wet earth brought thoughts of the graves that are dug in it, of death, and of the judgment to come. He roused himself, and his voice sounded through the room, faint but firm.

"Philip," he said, "you will help me to atone? Death seems very near to me to-night. I tell you I cannot die in peace until I have made public confession of my great sin."

As the young man turned from the window, with a start, his face grew hard. There was no pity in it; only a fierce and stubborn resolve.

"No, I will not help you." There was no tenderness in his voice. For the moment he had lost his father, and found a stranger in his place who had bitterly wronged him. "And you shall not make public confession. I am innocent; I have done no wrong. Why should I suffer for what you did thirty-five years ago? You would ruin us, dishonour us, disgrace us for ever. For my sake and for the sake of my wife and of the children that may be born to me, you must be silent!"

Sir John struggled with his growing weakness, and the spiritual exaltation that grew apace with it gave him strength to throw it off for a while. He raised himself erect in his chair, and looked with sad, calm eyes into his son's unsympathetic face.

"I cannot expect you to see at once, Philip," he said, "that there is only one course which is right, and that we must adopt it. It has been a great blow to you. I have taken you into my confidence, because it is your right, before I approached even the most nearly concerned in the consequences of my deception, those against whom I have materially sinned. But now I can see how my earthly affections to turn me from doing what is right, now that at last it has been vouchsafed to me to realise the enormity of my sin."

Philip did not answer, except with a muttered exclamation, while his hand beat an impatient tattoo on the window sill. Through his growing resentment he experienced a thrill of intensest relief at hearing his father say that he was the first to hear this amazing and shameful story.

"I had dared to hope you would help me," the old man went on, with an appealing glance. "I had hoped you would forgive the great wrong I had done you; I had

thought you would be eager that I should die in peace. Do you think I have not agonised over the ruin I must bring on you, who are innocent? Do you think I have not prayed with all the fervour of my heart that I might find some path of atonement that I might tread alone? But there is none. It is the heaviest part of my punishment that you must suffer too." His voice sank to a whisper. "If a man see his duty, and do it not," he muttered, almost inaudibly, "then is he sinning against the light."

Philip caught the words, and burst into a sudden fit of harsh laughter.

"It is this jargon that the priests have been dining on your ears," he cried, roughly. "It was an accursed day for me when this religious mania took hold of you. How can it be your duty to ruin the life of your son and of an innocent girl? Neither of them has done you any harm. When a man commits an action the consequences of which descend on others he must abide by it. That may not be religion; but it is justice. I forbid you to speak!"

"Philip, I must!"

"It is selfishness—pure selfishness!" The young man was losing control of himself. "What will you do, if you tell this old story to the world? You will make our name ring through England; it will become a byword. They will want to interview you, to know how you did it, how you felt, what caused you to do it, to confess. They will travesty our faces in the illustrated papers. I don't know what the punishment is for such a thing—they may put you in prison, at your age, in your state of health!"

"I am willing to suffer all things. My repentance is not only one of words."

"You speak like a martyr. Oh, it is monstrous! I see just how it is. You have worked yourself into a state of excitement and exaltation. Before you joined this meddling church, the thought never came into your head; you are filled with a frenzy of you suddenly to confess. Suppose you out of your senses, and suppose yourself a pleasure to you to strip yourself of everything you have, to give your name to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, to throw mud at, to make yourself a beggar, with no refuge but the workhouse, for I don't suppose any of your priests would want you without a sou."

"Philip! Hush!" Sir John's voice fell on the torrent of heated words with an imposing dignity in its feeble tones. The young man's fury abated. He muttered suddenly: "You may call it repentance, or any fine name you like; but it is mere selfishness."

"Philip, you are my son. Would you have me die in deadly sin? Would you have your father suffer the torments of hell?"

Again the young man's anger blazed forth, this time casting off every vestige of restraint, mad for the moment, cruel, and with deliberate intention to wound the man who had given him life.

"It is easy enough to die," he said hoarsely; "you talk of dying! I suppose you feel that you are going to die. The doctors have told you that you cannot live long; I told you it was merely selfishness, this fury of repentance! You want to purchase the pardon held out to the sinner who repents at the eleventh hour. All your life you have lived this lie, apparently without a single pang of remorse; and now, because you think you are going to die, you want to make your peace with Heaven. That is all very well. But you don't give a thought to those you leave behind to bear the burden of your sins."

He paused, breathless. There was no sound but a long trembling sigh from the old man, who had buried his face in his hands.

"You expect me to joyfully acquiesce in this mad determination of yours," Philip went on, "and yet you must see what it would mean to me. Absolute ruin, as well as disgrace. We should be turned into the streets, Martia and I; you have not brought me up to do any work; you gave me my tastes and my environment. What would you have me do? Beg, or break stones, or earn a bare pittance by some other form of manual labour, or live on my wife's paltry income; or plead for charity from Clieves, because I am the innocent son of the man who defrauded him?"

"I deserve your harsh words, Philip," murmured his father. "It is all part of my punishment. I have lost your respect, and you wish I were dead."

A swift wave of passionate contrition swept over the young man's face.

"Oh no, no," he said. "I was a cur to speak like that. But, don't you see that what I say is true, that you have no right to persist in this course that you have determined on?"

"No, Philip, I know that I am right. For months I have been struggling against my overwhelming longing to atone by public confession of my sin, for your sake. I was afraid that you would not see it in the same light as I did; but I did not know it would be so hard. It is a heavy blow that you should turn against me."

"I have not turned against you. If it were discovery that threatened you, I would stand by you through thick and thin. But a man must fight for his life."

"I am fighting for my soul—for yours, too, Philip, for I shall save you, too, if by force I prevent you from continuing to live a lie. The old man's eyes shone with a mystical exaltation. There was no doubting his tremendous earnestness. The arguments of his son, logical and mundane, did not reach his brain. "His whole being was fixed on the vision of salvation purchased by repentance, atonement, and reparation."

"I don't question your sincerity," said the young man, with a grudging sort of respect. "But you won't look at the matter from my point of view. And your part is so easy—so easy, compared with the portion you have left for me!"

To be Continued To-morrow.

A COMPLETE STORY.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

By ALICE GREY AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

CUCKOO GREY stood shading her eyes in the porch. The hot June sun streamed down in a shower of golden shafts, reddening the little soft curls on her forehead.

She was watching a man walk up the garden path.

He was a cousin of her uncle's, the sedate rector with whom she was staying, and a younger son of Squire Amherst, of the Grange. It was only a short mile from the Grange to the Rectory, yet Richard Amherst had wished it shorter since Cuckoo had come to the sleepy old Kentish village. Cuckoo, with her red gold hair and tiny sparkling face, her wonderful Paris frocks and Bond-street hats, her high-heeled shoes and delicately-hued gloves, and those much beruffled petticoats with which she had already astonished the natives.

"How late you are!" protested Cuckoo, with a pout. "They have been rehearsing all the afternoon, and everyone will be going soon." "Good for us," replied Richard Amherst, a slight, almost imperceptible, smile crossing his face. "We can rehearse better alone than before an audience." He followed the girl into the house as he spoke.

He was not popular with the pretty rosy-cheeked girls and the tall, broad-shouldered young men whom Mrs. Eustace had enlisted for her theatricals. They disliked the fact that he knew how to act, whereas they were mere tyros, and they resented his hints and openly avowed their thankfulness that he was not stage manager.

Even now, as the two strolled into the pretty Rectory drawing-room, the girls, heated and flushed with rehearsing, looked scathingly at Cuckoo. How barefaced she had been to wait openly at the porch for Mr. Amherst, and what bad manners he displayed in coming so late to rehearse his duologue, just as if he wanted to avoid them all, as, indeed, he did.

"The departure of the chorus," laughed Amherst, softly, and with great good humour, a few moments later, as he and Cuckoo stood by the open window watching the girls and men crossing the lawn, homeward bound.

"Have some tea?" asked Cuckoo, suddenly. "I can't offer you a whisky and soda; my aunt—"

she smiled as she glanced at Mrs. Eustace sitting in her favourite chair.

Amherst smiled, too. He was always amused by the contrast between Cuckoo and her aunt—the lady of the old school and this modern complexity—and yet they were sincerely fond of each other. Cuckoo had spent all her holidays at the pleasant Rectory before she went out to Simla, where her father reigned a king—for Sir George Grey was a power behind the Viceroy—and now that he had returned to England for a brief holiday, Cuckoo had flashed down from London, and was trying to pose as the country girl, affecting a love for hayfields and a passion for gardening, wearing muslin frocks and marvellous rustic hats—rustic according to the humour of Bond-street.

The duologue was rehearsed. Mrs. Eustace, seeing the two waving orange-brown part-books and reciting strange broken sentences in a parrot-like gabble—for they knew the trifle by heart and to rehearse it was a mere farce—took her way to the garden.

The two, left alone in the drawing room, threw aside their play-books by common consent. Cuckoo crossed over to the sofa and sat down, inviting Richard to sit by her side with a glance half coquettish, half tender. The man perched himself on the arm of the chintz-covered, old-fashioned couch, and a smile crossed his lips as he leaned forward and looked hard at his companion.

"I think the time has come," said Cuckoo, "Amherst said, slowly; his voice was lazy and caressing. "Hasn't it, little girl—for us both?" Cuckoo looked up sharply; she had suddenly grown very pale and her lips were trembling. "Hush, be quiet," she said, and there was a strange note in her voice, a note of real womanhood, "if you speak it will only spoil things. 'Don't you know that as well as I do?' "Of course I do," he replied, softly, "and I never meant to say a word; but somehow, just now, I had to; you looked so pretty, Cuckoo—and so dear—but we'll get back to the path again—I've had a glimpse of Eden, though. It was a country I never believed in till I met you—and that's the truth, dear."

Cuckoo hesitated; a big teardrop fringed her long eyelashes, and she brushed it away hastily. "I never cry," she said, shortly. "I'm only the modern girl—no heart, no depth—but I wish—" the small face lost its chic to become strangely pensive—"I wish," she went on, and her tones were tremulous, "that I could have entered Eden; it looks a beautiful country."

"Cuckoo!"—the man had risen, and now stood by her side, his fingers drumming a tune on the mantelpiece, his teeth gnawing his under lip, and his eyes fastened on her white, little face. "Couldn't we enter Edea to-day? After to-morrow—well, a long good-bye. I'm too poor a man to ask you to marry me. My year in Rome wouldn't pay your milliner's bill; besides—he stopped short; then, taking one of the girl's cold hands in his, he pressed it fiercely, raising it to his mouth and brushing it half savagely across his lips.

"It would be an experience," she answered, with a brave attempt after her former flippant manner; and, swaying a little towards him, her breast heaving, her eyes becoming wholly tender—those reckless eyes wherein sprites used to dance—"I don't think I should mind much, Richard, for a day."

"Cuckoo!" He had caught her lip

him with passionate violence, crushing the freshness of the muslin gown, straining her in his arms; then he suddenly lowered his face on a line with hers, and gazed full in her eyes, his own hungry and burning. The girl made no effort to release herself; she leaned against him—waiting.

He bent down and kissed her mouth; then drew back with a sharp exclamation. "God forgive me, I shouldn't have done that, little girl!"—he looked at her, nervously drawing back—"but I do love you, Cuckoo, child!" "What has come over Cuckoo, I wonder?" asked Mrs. Eustace of her old husband that evening. The worthy couple were strolling down the garden path in the wake of the younger pair; but the same moon shone down on all. "She seems so timid, sweet, and shy; the dear little girl she used to be."

"I think I know, Mary," answered the Rector. He was stout and pompous now, but he kept a chamber of memories in his soul. "She has been sipping from the golden chalice, and they call the wine—Love!" He spoke dreamily. "Richard has drunk his share, too," he added.

"But, John," interrupted Mrs. Eustace, in perplexed tones, "you must be wrong; you know Cuckoo is engaged to Sir Anthony Greatham, and is to marry him when she returns to India—the man of the future, as her father calls him."

"The man of fifty versus the man of thirty," smiled the Rector. "A grey-haired widower, a man absorbed in state-craft. If it were not for my cloth, Mary, we would have a bet: Love will win."

Mrs. Eustace shook her head despondently. "Cuckoo has no heart," she said, slowly.

"When Cuckoo goes to her room to-night," answered the Rector steadily, "she will kneel down and say her prayers, which she has forgotten to do for many a day; and it is quite possible she will cry her eyes out; but when she comes down in the morning the butterfly will have found her soul."

The theatricals were over, they had been an unequalled success, and the debt on the new parish room paid off at last.

Two people had found their way to the orchard at the back of the Rectory garden—a man and a woman. They sat side by side, underneath an old gnarled apple-tree, both keeping silent. The moon was half hidden by passing clouds, and the summer air was heavy with the perfume of flowers; one or two stars gleamed out softly.

"The day is nearly over," said Cuckoo, at last. She spoke in a queer, choky little voice, twisting her fingers in the mesh-work of the Shetland wrap she had flung over her shoulders; she looked like a white butterfly—something very glimmery and fragile—in the moonlight.

"Don't, dear," Richard Amherst put his arm round her and drew her head to his shoulder; he was white to his lips. "Little girl," he said, gently, but his voice betrayed

pain, "it was easy enough to enter Eden; but how are we going to get out again? Do you know? I don't!"

"Do you love me so much?" whispered Cuckoo; she spoke dreamily, her fingers straying into the man's hand.

"Do I love you? Ah! Cuckoo, I didn't know what the word meant till I met you. I've had episodes like other men—and I—again he hesitated, to continue after a brief pause—"but love! A man can only enter Eden once in his life, and with one woman, and I'm there to-night."

"Why should we wander out?" She smiled, happily, never noticing the wince of pain that shot over her lover's face. "Listen, Richard," she went on, slowly. "There was once a girl who lost her mother early, which is always a sad thing to happen, and this girl grew up a cold and worldly little creature—a wretched little worldling, who thought only of glitter and gold. An oldish man asked her to marry him, and she consented. She knew he didn't love her really; he loved his dead wife, and was honest enough to tell her the truth—but he needed a wife to entertain and help his career onwards; and as he was rich and had a career in front, the girl consented." Cuckoo paused a second, then went on softly. "Afterwards the girl met someone else—you know who?" her little fingers tightened round his, "and she loved this someone better than riches or title, gear and gold. I don't think Sir Anthony will be very sorry when he gets the letter I posted to India this morning," she added, with a note of triumph; "and I don't care even if he is! I am free, Richard, now, and we'll never leave Eden."

"Oh, Cuckoo, girl," he muttered, between his teeth, "God help us! I knew of this engagement of yours, so never spoke of mine, but I'm to be married in a few months. Cuckoo, won't you speak or look up? Is the pain bad, dear; very bad, dear little girl?" He had flung himself on his knees beside her. "Ah, you cannot be suffering as I am—I'm in hell, child—do you hear me?—hell!"

Cuckoo flung her head back proudly, then the utter misery of the man's look beat down her pride, and she caught his hands in her own. "You don't love her—this girl?" she gasped; "tell me if you do!"

"Love her? I never loved her! She is homely and good and dull—it was her money. Oh, yes, you will despise me, but you had better hear the whole brutal truth. It was a case of loaves and fishes—I love you, Cuckoo! God! to be free, to be free!" He caught the girl by her shoulders and shook her.

"I'll give her up, I'll give her up! I couldn't lose you, Cuckoo!"

"She doesn't love you, then?" asked Cuckoo, in rather faint tones. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt her much."

"She does love me," he replied fiercely. "and that's the awful part of it. I've made her love me, and now she worships me

blindly, foolishly, absolutely—as these good women do. She's not able to see what a poor wretch I am. It's horrible, Cuckoo; but I must break her heart."

"Or mine," answered Cuckoo, with a quaint little smile, "and do you know, Richard, I think it had better be mine."

"Not yours, dear," he said quietly, bending down as he spoke and raising the hem of her white dress to his lips; "that's out of the question."

"Fain wouldn't kill me," pursued Cuckoo, reflectively, "and it might kill her. When a dull, plain woman loves—I know the type, Richard—she takes disappointment badly. There was a girl at Simla—ah! it's a long story, but she died."

"She died, did she?" answered Amherst. "How pleasant for the man! Oh, what brute beasts we are, Cuckoo! Yet women love us."

"I wonder if a walk in the garden of Eden makes people better," said Cuckoo, softly. "I think it has changed me, for I couldn't hurt anybody now, not even to be happy myself, and it would never be a clear, bright happiness. We should always be haunted, Richard—you and I—if we bought our joy at the price of hers." She paused a moment, then smiled up in his face. "Will you kiss me good-night and good-bye, Richard?"

"I cannot say good-bye to you," muttered the man, brokenly. "What does it matter if her heart breaks? What does anything in the wide world matter to me, but you? Don't you believe me, Cuckoo?"

"I do," she replied, in low tones; "but I cannot hurt the other girl, somehow; I cannot. You will be good to her, won't you, Richard?—loving, and true, and kind?"

"If you loved me as I love you," he cried, resentfully, "you would marry me. Yes; at the price of anyone's happiness or life."

"Should I?" she answered, with a dim smile. "Ah, Richard, is that all you know of love? Now say good-bye. Let's get it over. Oh, let's get it over!"

"You will soon forget." He held her to him as he spoke, and their lips met in a last clinging kiss of renunciation and farewell. "Ah, Cuckoo, you'll forget."

"Possibly," she whispered; "but you will forget first."

Before Cuckoo had to face the autumn of a lonely life, a man came overseas to find her—a man she had known in the heyday of her laughing, careless youth. He had done his duty faithfully by a dead woman, and had made her dull life rosette.

"You are just the same, Cuckoo," he said, tenderly; "the same girl of frail and flutters—only your face has gained in sweetness and your eyes in depth—and men and women love you better even than they did."

Cuckoo flushed warm and red. "You don't see the grey in my hair," she pouted, "or realise that I am—oh, not the Cuckoo you knew." She broke off her speech hastily and

tried to turn away, but Richard Amherst caught her hand.

"Cuckoo," he said, softly, "there is a garden called Eden, and you hold the key. When shall we enter it, dear? I'm waiting."

She kissed him, and the gates swung back. They entered Eden.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

"HOW IT HAPPENED."

I pray you, pardon me, Elsie,
And smile that frown away
That dims the light of your lovely
face
As a thunder-cloud the day.
I really could not help it—
Before I thought 'twas done—
And those great grey eyes flashed
bright and cold,
Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming
woods,
And the gay winds romped with
your curls.
And you seemed to me the same little
girl.
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

And where, after all, is the harm
done?
I believe you were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away.
And strewn through life's low labours,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and
vows
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In Memory's magic shrine,
You will see on your thin and wasting
hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening,
At the ghost of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch
your lips,
And kindle your heart to flame.

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